

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

#### Usage guidelines

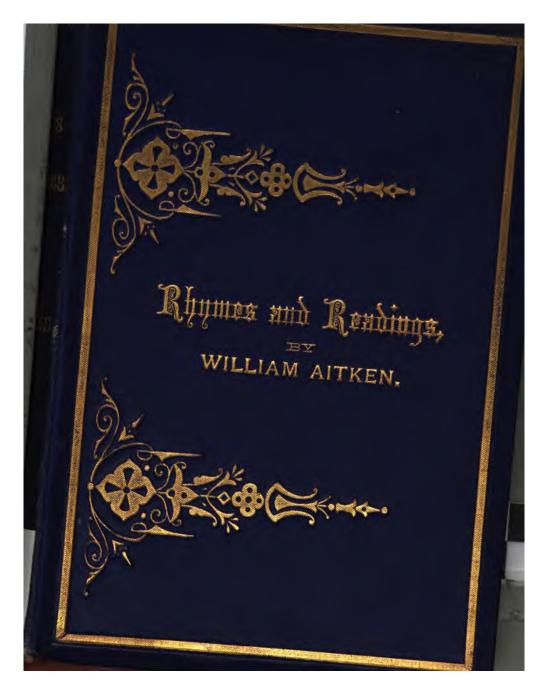
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

#### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



# FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing that a man shall forget love And he not dead but walking in the field of a May morning And listening to the voice of the thrush.

> -R.G.A., in A Yearbook of Stanford Writing, 1931

# STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

GIVEN BY EDWIN EVERITT WILLIAMS '32

• . 

• · . .

# Rhymes and Readings:

BY

#### WILLIAM AITKEN,

Railway Inspector, Glasgow.

WITH AN

# INTRODUCTORY NOTICE,

BY

REV. JOHN RANKINE, D.D.,

Minister of Born

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY HORN & CONNELL, 11 DUNLOP STREET.

1880.

		·	
		•	
٠			

## CONTENTS.

we willow

Introductory Noti	св, .	•			٠.						PAGE 5
			3	Read	ings	<b>š</b> .					
The Haunted Garre	t.										9
The Battle of the T		Sheep,									16
Paddy and Mick,		•									28
The Mouse and the	Cat,										33
John Tamson's Slee	p-in,	and his	Cure	or it,							37
Coal Jock, .	• •			•							46
A Lay of the Line,											50
The Brewer's Bridal	Ι,	•.		•							57
On the Unveiling of	the	Burns' 8	tatue	at Kilr	narnocl	٤,					63
The Duke of Wellin	gton	's Funer	al,								66
Pate Bluff the Butc	her,										70
The Rival Gradient	3,										72
The Arran Post,	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	75
	Æ	hron				ac I	ممامم				
	U	nron	icie	s ui	ine	e et	acua	it.			
The Auld Brig-En',											78
The Shoemaker's Sh	юp,										81
Shoemaker Tam,							• .				85
Wee Peggie Mair,											88
Jamie the Cleek,										•	91
John Donald,		•									93
Jamie Cadoo,											97
Jean and Geordie,		•									101
Sawney the Miller,											102

	Mi	scell	ane	ous	₽o	ems.				
										PAGI
In Sorn Churchyard,						.•				10
The Song of Death, .										108
It might have been, .			÷							141
The Sunset Hour, .										113
The Angel Inn, .										115
The Sabbath-Mornin' Visi	itor,									119
The Motherless Home,										121
God bless my Bonnie Bair	m,									124
Found on the Street,	•									127
Gone Before,										131
Shunted for the Mail,										134
Catrine,										137
Sorn Race,										141
The Old Familiar Home,									·	143
Fallen,										145
The Haunted Bay	_					_		-		148
Be Good, True, and Brave	е						-		:	151
The Auld Laird's Deid,									•	153
Resignation,					-		i		•	155
Heaven bless my Bairnies				·			·	•		157
A Visit to a Poet					-		Ť		•	158
11 1111 00 01 1000,	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	100
• •	S	ongs	an	d A	)gri	cø.				
Remember the Poor,										165
The Weakest must go to	the Wa	<b>.11</b> ,								167
It might have been, .										169
Rich and Poor, .										171
Mouthfuls of Gin, .										178
Whuppin' the Cat, .										174
Sorra-ma-care Rab, .										177
Davy Dayell,										179
Mary, the Maid of the Mil	l, .									181
Alice Lee,										182
A Parting Song.										100

#### INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

I HAVE great pleasure in commending this volume of "RHYMES AND READINGS" to the favourable notice of the public, and especially of those who have known the Author, and who have had opportunities of marking his earnest life of self-improvement and usefulness. My only title to take this upon me is, that as Minister of the Parish in which the Author spent his early days, I was one of the first to perceive the clear, sharp, searching quality of his mind, and to encourage him to cultivate his powers by directing his leisure hours to intellectual training and effort. Even in the Adult Class, when the minds of many are all but a blank, the Author gave remarkable evidence of power of thought and skill of expression. He, at this early period, subjected himself to the hard mental training of seeking his way through the obscure and intricate questions which he found in publications for the young. In the solution of those, the Author had very unusual success, as the prize books of his library testify.

The results of this early self-education in letters are seen in the volume now in our hands. The reader will of course judge for himself; but I may be allowed to say how much I have been struck with the vigorous thought of some of the pieces, impressed by the pathos and extreme tenderness of others, and surprised by the variety of versification which the Author has adopted, and that so successfully. Nor should it be over-

looked that this volume has been produced at intervals of leisure, snatched from the laborious life of a Railway Inspector; intervals which, in too many cases, are devoted to less worthy and less improving pursuits. It is very creditable to his industry, that, in such circumstances, so many pieces should have been composed, and all bearing the marks of careful work.

The reader will soon discover that local sympathies are strongly operative in the Author's mind. The Village of Bridge-End of Montgarswood has due attention paid to it in the "Chronicles of the Clachan." Sorn and Catrine come in for their share of attention. The old institution of Sorn Race is hit off very happily; while the ballad of the "Brewer's Bridal" narrates effectively a tragical event which occurred at the Ford, now fortunately a thing of the past.

Like many true Scotchmen, the Author seems passionately fond of the old language of the country, and uses this as the vehicle of his thoughts in some of his pieces. This has a peculiar charm for many readers, but he evidently uses it only from choice, and as most suitable for certain subjects. That he can employ the more modern language of the educated with skill, tenderness, taste, and power, ample proof is given in his Miscellaneous Pieces; and possibly some may be of opinion that he should more frequently use this in the future, now that his skill in versification has reached the point of fulness which his later productions indicate; but of this he is himself the best judge.

It will be seen that all the Author's writings are characterised by sound and wholesome moral sentiment. His upbringing, and the healthful necessities of an industrious life, have prevented him from falling into unreal views of life and its requirements; while his religious training

and convictions have kept his works free of anything which is fitted to injure his fellowmen. Wit and humour there are, but all is kindly and loving. If there is from time to time a touch of satire, it has nothing of bitterness in it; his words are those of a true, strong, and manly nature.

If the Author's success in the field of literature should encourage others to occupy their leisure hours in similar work—if the ordinary labour of life has been so pleasantly cheered, as it has been in his case, by literary study—if devotion to mental work and self-improvement has been so compatable, as he has found it, with very satisfactory advancement in life's ordinary pursuits,—the publication of this volume, while giving pleasure and instruction to his readers, may, and I trust will induce, others to go and do likewise.

I shall only add, that it has been one of the most gratifying things in my life and ministry, to watch the useful and successful careers of the young men who have gone out from our midst, and engaged in the world's wider work; they have been an honour to us, and our hearts follow them with glad and grateful interest.

JOHN RANKINE.

MANSE OF SORN, April, 1880.

	-	
•		

#### READINGS.

#### The Haunted Garret.

📭 AVY DUNN was a queer-lookin', hauf-feenished cratur', No owre weel endowed wi' the blessin's o' natur', Wha had yince on a time made him short o' a blinker, But the yin she had left him for size was a clinker; And at nicht, when frae dosin' ye got him tae keep up, 'Twas as big as the sole o' an or'nar'-sized tea-cup. While natur' again, wi' a view to save trouble, Had gi'en him his chest on his shouthers tae hobble; While his lang spindle-shanks, like a deil's darnin' needle, Put ye strongly in min' o' a hauf-hunger't beadle. His fit, when he steppit, ye had tae staun' wide o't, And his haun's were like feet, and am no far ootside o't; His great big broon hat tae his shouthers was drawn on, And his claes ye'd ha'e thocht wi' a graip had been thrown on; His coat was as stourie as ere was a miller's, And, like Joseph's, was made oot o' a' kinds o' colours;

His trousers—auld-fashioned, weel-clooted, and creashie— Had spent their best days wi' the Ayrshire Militia.

Wi' a great muckle cudgel o' slaethorn weel-knotted-For the Clachan ill callants he specially got it-As o' a' the afflictions that e'er was invented, He ne'er had got oucht him sae sairly tormented. Gi'e him heidache, or toothache, or a' siccan evils, Onything could he staun' but they angersome deevils! For as sure's he appeared on the street, and they saw him, They'd begin wi' their fun, and queer nicknames wad ca' him: "Twad be "Fiddleface!" "Cuddylugs!" "Davy, ye're Eerish!" Till their noise micht be heard at the en' o' the parish. Though he swore, no a spittle cared they for his anger, And Davy wad vow that he'd heed them nae langer. But, alas! for his vows and his guidly intentions, The scoon'rals sune gat his proper dimensions; And when a' plans wad fail, they could raise him like pouther Wi' "Hey, Davy, stop! ye've ye're kist on ye're shouther!" This aye set him fair mad—he'd flee into a passion, And the way he could scatter they weans was a caution.

Where wark was expected he never frequented, And kent he ilk hocse where siclike micht be wanted, The very idea fley'd him a'thegither. Though he aye gat his grub in some fashion or ither, No a market or fair could be held but he went to't, No a waddin' or rockin' was set but he kent o't, Where he sat, aye, and drank tae, as lang's he was able, And that was till naething was left on the table-Gobbled up everything he could get in his clutches, And when owre fou' tae eat—put the rest in his pouches! But o' yin at the Bent, when they'd howkit their tatties, Davy, somehoo or ither, had failed tae get notice, And before his arrival the supper was feenished, And the grub and the drinkables sadly demeenished. But the kindly guidwife, tae mak' up for't a little, Promised Davy some brose, sae put on the big kettle. But—wad ye believ't?—when the brose was oot coolin', Jock Gibb frae the Meadows—the steerin' wee villain, The deil-ma-care rascal, and weed o' creation— Put the tail o' his mither's deid cat in the basin! And never a ane o' us kent or heard tell o't, Till the queer-lookin' dose was by Davy half swallow'd! My faith! had ye seen hoo he spat and he bockit, Till the guidwife cam' ben, thinking Davy was chockit; And Jock—wha for larking was aye in rare fettle— Tell't Davy the cat had been biled in the kettle!

Not even quicksilver could din its wark fleeter, It gaed through his hale frame like a dose o' saltpetre; He ran through the kitchen in great consternation, Rub, rubbin' his stamack in fair desperation! He swore—but, of course, it was awfu' temptation— While his mouth seemed preparin' for some operation. For the door he then made, wildly gapin' and gooin', And the soun's that we heard was like somebody spewin'; And if signs that we saw the next day ha'e a meanin', His stamack, I'm thinkin', that nicht gat a cleanin'. But the queerest o' pranks that on him I e'er saw din', Was the nicht that preceded Rab Rabinson's waddin': Hoo tae get there in time—as the waddin' was early— Was a question that Davy was puzzled wi' sairly, Unless he gaed owre on the previous evenin', As 'twas six miles, if yin, frae the place he was leevin' in Tae the Breckins, where Bessie—the braw bride—resided, Where a feed for a prince wad be duly provided, As the maister himsel' had for kindness nae equal-But his kindness tae Davy is shown in the sequel. Sae the nicht 'fore the waddin' a' things were got ready: The bride she sat smilin' like some bonnie leddy; The bridescake was bakit, and a' folks were bidden, And naebody spak' aboot oucht but the waddin';

The presents were open for a' folks' inspection, And, truly, ye ne'er saw a brawer collection— Frae the finest framed pictures in rosewood and maple. Tae the pair o' auld shoon tae be thrown at the couple; There was beddin' and blankets, and curtains and dresses, And crystal and cheenie, the fu' o' twa presses, Wi' a whole host o' ithers, the braw bride tae hansel, Includin' the saut in the nameless utensil— When in steppit Davy, the lang-legged cratur'! No the ghost o' the deid could ha'e started them greater! The maister jamp up like a bein' bewitchen, Till his heid nearly stuck in the laft o' the kitchen! Though Davy saw plainly he wasna much wanted, He bauldly stepped ben, no in ony way daunted, Carin' noucht for their looks, be they ever sae callous, Bad' them a' a guid day, and addressed them as follows:— "I've been hearin', guid freen', that yer dochter's tae lea' ye, Sae I thought it my duty tae step owre and see ye-But I'm fairly din' up, sae, instead o' returnin,' I hope ye'll can gie's a bit bed till the mornin'." "A bed!" cried the maister, "faith, where wad ye mak' it? Every room in the hoose tae the ceilin' is packit. I ken o' nae corner ava we could spare ye-And, besides, 'twad tak' nae siccan sma' yin tae sair yeAnd tae start makin' shakedoons is jist what we'll no dae, We've nae room for a cat, and far less for a body!" "Nae need," replied Davy, "I ken o' your hubble, Sae on my account don't incur ony trouble, For I'll be quite content wi' the auld servant's garret, And for lodgin' me ae nicht ve'll ne'er be the waur o't." Davy stuck tae his purpose, and argued sae stootly, Though the maister held oot for a while resolutely, He agreed tae't at length, if tae sleep he was able, In the auld garret room on the tap o' the stable. There was nae ither place in the hoose could be wanted,— "But ye ken yersel', Davy, its said to be haunted." "Curs'd blethers!" quo' Davy, "nae wise folk tak' heed o', Some bein's wad jump at the sicht o' their shadow; I never was fear'd yet for oucht I ha'e seen in't, Tho' at a' eerie 'oors o' the nicht I ha'e been in't." "Weel, weel!" quo' the maister, "yet lest the damp harm ye, Keep ver breeks on a' nicht, ve'll need them tae warm ye; For its damp as a drain, and wad starve e'en a badger, And I wadna lie in't a hale nicht for a wager. And in case ye see bogles, or oucht that micht fear ye, There's a bell on the table, which ring, and we'll hear ye, And tho' no very much o' a Samson tae boast o', I'll sune let ye ken what a ghost is composed o'."

Davy promised tae dae as the maister had stated, And made aff for his bed highly pleased and elated: Hoo lang he had sleepit, he hadna a notion, When he waukened wi' hearin' some queer thing in motion. He raise up on his elbow, a meenit tae hearken, When the doug in the stable commenced tae the barkin'; His hair stood on en', a queer feelin' ran through him, Till the very bed seem'd tae be risin' below him: He faun' his great heart 'gainst his ribs comin' thumpin', 'Till—goodness! the bed began dancin' and jumpin'! Oot he sprang wi' a bout, like a being demented, Splash in tae a bine fu' o' water fornent it; Made a race for the door, but tae open't unable, Cam' in min' o' the bell that was left on the table; He clutched at it wildly, and shook it nae little, But deil a soun' ever cam' oot o' the metal! For the worthy guidman o' the hoose, ere he left it, O' that noisy appendage had quietly bereft it. "Guid help us !—I'm sent for !" cried Davy in terror, But here his tongue stuck, and he managed nae far'er; He then threw the bell frae him—what else could he do wi't?— Rushed straucht tae the window and pushed himsel' through it, Got the hale bottom-sash on his shouthers to carry, Landin' in the horse-midden in nae canny hurry,

And made off for the clachan, owre hedges and ditches, Wi' no a rag on but his sark and his breeches; Was for yince in his life neither lame nor yet lazy, Reaching hame in a jiffey, hauf deid and hale crazy; And since then, though the hale o' the world wad get marri't, Ay, and that at the Breckins, he wadna look near it. And though steerin' Will Hazel, the bride's youngest brither, Got his back hurt that nicht at some caper or ither, The big hauf o' the parish ha'e ta'en it for granted, That the auld garret room at the Breckins is haunted.

## The Battle of the Three Sheep.

TN Auchtermuchty parish, John
Dunwoodie was a thrifty farmer,
Wi' kindly word and ready haun',
And heart there never was a warmer.

And tho' at times he took a drap

When he and freens were met thegither,

The warst that cam' o't was a nap

On some dyke-back, or 'mong the heather.

Nae "rough" was there to crack his croon, Nor toun-bred thief tae play the robber; And oucht he had when he lay doun, Was there the same when he got sober.

And yet wi't a', there's mony a yin

Has sleepit on a harder hammock;

For tho' the nicht air chilled his skin,

The whusky kept it frae his stamack.

Nae odds, sae lang's he didna fin'
The cauld: ilk evil has its blessin',
Folk couldna say he sleepit-in,
Or that he spent a' mornin' dressin'.

Tho' Mag was deid against the dram,
And mony a rantin' flyte wad gi'e him,
Nae maitter whan or hoo he cam',
She aye was glad enough tae see him.

Tho' whiles the hale hoose slept that soun',
Sae deep had soothin' slumber press't them,
That Mag hersel', when morn cam roun',
Had ne'er as much as ever miss't him.

As proof, ae nicht John wad be late, Quo' he, "noo, Mag, ye needna sit up, But min' the morn, as sure as fate, At five o'clock I'll ha'e tae get up."

Mag gaed tae bed, determined she'd

Be up and ha'e him waukened early;

But, losh! when she got down her heid,

Her fine intentions left her fairly.

Tho' John had vow'd that nicht tae speed,
"There's mony a slip" was never truer;
The freens he met were freens indeed,
And he, if onything, was fou'er.

The whusky fairly took his tap,

The road was bou'd, and little wunner;

He got his coup, and took his nap,

His forty winks turned near a hunner.

Ere he got hame, 'twas five and past,

The grey dawn in the east was peerin';
But a', in sleep, were firm and fast,

No yin in a' the hoose was steerin'.

"Gosh me!" quo' John, "this beats the deil, Wer't me I'd ne'er ha'e heard an en' o't; Tho' as it is, it's jist as weel, But, by my word! I'll let them ken o't."

He rous'd them up, and gied them't ticht; When he began, he wasna spairin': He micht been in his bed till nicht, For oucht that yin o' them was carin'.

Mag got her kail het wi' the rest,

Tho' gruesome was the dose, she stood it;

But had she kent the chance she miss't,

My faith! she'd a' her days ha'e rued it.

But tae oor tale: The fair cam' on,
The only yin in Auchtermuchty;
And, losh, it was a tousy toon,
And after nicht was queer an' rough tae.

"Noo, Mag," quo' John, "this is the fair,
Tae gang tae't weel ye ken I ettle;
For Tam M'Minn's tae meet me there,
Yon sma' account o' his tae settle.

"And Butcher Rab, the usefu' chiel,
Aboot the fat coo will be speirin';
Tae sen' him up, I'll be as weel,
Tae kill the three sheep for the shearin'.

"It's neither lost nor thrown away,
Wi' folk that hae sae muckle cuttin',
Tae taste their shearers' tatties wi'
A wee bit slice o' beef or mutton."

John's orders Mag on a' impress't

Wha were in ony way connected;

The sheep were kill'd, and skinn'd, and dress'd,

And a' things din' as he directed.

And yin by yin the three deid beasts,
As is the custom, were suspended,
Wi' raips, up tae the auld-barn jeests:
The shed it was whaur John intended.

But tho' he had the ploughman tell't

Tae gang up tae the hill and bring them,

And warned the wife tae get them kill't,

He never mentioned whaur tae hing them.

Tho' gey-an' late it was that een
Afore the whusky stoup he gied up,
He wasna near as fou's I've seen,
He jist could min' tae keep his heid up.

Though aft he slipp't and stagger't sair,
And whiles down wi' a clash he drappit
On his way hame, he managed there
Afore the 'oor o' twelve had chappit.

Gaun tae the shed, he keekit in,

Skins, heids, and feet, were a' aboot in't;

But o' the sheep there wasna yin—

"They're steal't," quo' John, "there's nae misdoot'n't."

"While Mag and a' are sleepin' soun'—
Hic!—what an awfu' want's the maister;
And—hic!—I'll wager ye a croon,
Oor new meal in the barn's a waster."

He tae the barn, 'twas dark as pitch,

Tae see things oot distinct he couldna;
But on the flair stood three things which

John brawly kent were things that shouldna.

"They're beasts," quo' John—hic!—"no, they're men,
This muckle—hic!—I can determine;
They're only three, but were they ten,
I'd hae a warsel wi' the vermin."

Nae sooner said than din, a clink

He landed on yin's face a caul' yin;

But ere he could as much as wink,

He got yin back that sent him sprawlin'.

"Haun's off!" cried John, "till I get up,
Fair-play, and let the best man won it:"
He'd scarce got tae his feet—when whup,
A daud ahin' sent aff his bonnet.

This was tae him a heinous sin,

His heid he took sic awfu' care on't;

A.reason for't's no far tae fin',

There wasna vera muckle hair on't.

"Awa," roared John, "ye lousy pack,
I'm no the man ye'll easy frichten,
But hittin'—hic!—ahint yin's back,
Is onything but honest fechtin'."

He slashed and laid aboot him weel,
And foucht wi' vera desperation,
And if he swore like ony deil,
Consider ye the provocation.

Till yin got him intae his grup,
And in a jiffy owre had thrown him,
And as he made to sprachel up,
The cowar'ly rascal jumpit on him.

Sic wark John didna care aboot,

The row was turned a raither rum thing;

He made a dash to get him oot,

But tumbled owre a pail o' something.

Three men tae yin was oucht but matched, Nae use frae him was mair resistance; But, by the Jingo, they wad catch'd, When he had dunner'd up assistance.

Sae aff across the close he gaed,

Tae get the help he sairly needed;

Straucht for the kitchen door he made,

Clean oot o puff, and dizzy-heided.

Nae loss o' bluid 'twas gar'd him sink,

Tho' sharp the fecht was while it lasted:

But 'tween the twa—the dauds and drink—

He fell against the door exhausted.

Mag heard the fa' against the door,

And drawin' on her bauchels went tae't;

John met her wi' a grunt and snore,

But grunt or snore, 'twas his, she kent it.

Though aft afore she'd let him in,
In sic a mess she ne'er had got him:
His face and haun's, his claes and shoon,
Were soaked wi' bluid frae tap tae bottom.

She yell'd and squeal'd, made sic a din,

That no yin in the hoose but heard her;

While she cried "doctor! police! rin!"

John main'd nae mair than "thieves" and "murder."

That awfu' sicht Mag never will
In a' her life again forget it:
"Oh, John!" she cried, and on him fell,
"Wha's killed ye—wha the deed committed?"

The men-folk swore, the women grat,
And raced, and ran, like folk demented;
And no content wi' even that,
Puir Mag, tae croon the business, fented.

The Doctor in a wee cam' up,

Tae slice and splice prepared if needed;

Then cam' the "Peg," a hielan' chap,

Red-faced, red-nosed, and redder-heided.

Nae scart nor scar, nor broken skin,

Nor marks o' fingers meant tae throttle,
Nocht broken 'bout John could they fin'

Unless it was his whusky-bottle.

Then spak' the "Peg"—"It's clear's a bell, Some bluid has dootless been a-spillin', And if John is na killed himsel', Some ither man he has been killin'.

"And, Doctor, though my words may soun' Severe and harsh, ye'll see ere lang, man, That this same Auchtermuchty toun, Will ha'e acquaintance wi' the hangman. "But no a word tae yin this nicht,
O' hoo ye got your information,
And I'll wait here till it comes licht,
And tak' him wi' me tae the station."

An awfu' mornin' Mag put in,
Wi' greetin', tearin' hair, and roarin';
While John, oblivious tae the din,
Lay in the corner loudly snorin'.

Sair, sair, Mag wished she'd been a man,

Tae ta'en the awsome business quaitly;

But wi' the welcome mornin' dawn,

The circumstances altered greatly.

Gaun tae the barn—"Guid gracious! there"—
Wi' vera joy she danced and loupit;
Ae sheep was lyin' on the flair,
The pail and a' the bluid was coupit.

While a' besmear'd wi' bluid and dirt,

There lay John's guid new tartan bonnet;

Losh me! it lifted aff her heart

The awfu' load that had sunk on it.

The "Peg," wha'd a' arranged sae weel, Got a' his fine-laid plans disjointed, Whatever ither folks micht feel, He was, for yin, sair disappointed.

'Twas oucht tae him but welcome news, His murder-case was clean away wi't; And tae this vera day he rues, That ever he had oucht tae dae wi't.

The story soon got queerly mixt,

A' bodies heard o't, east and west o't;

Nor was it that week or the next,

That John Dunwoodie heard the last o't.

Nae maiter where he micht be at— Hay-roup, horse-fair, or show o' cattle— Fu' mony a gey hard hit he gat, Aboot his awfu' Three Sheep Battle.

#### Paddy and Mick.

Still in many a case where a blunder is made,
Which an extra amount of stupidity shows,
Be he guilty or not he must swallow the dose.

Well, once on a time we were lying off Cork,
After having a rather hard season of work
With the French in the Channel, till bullet and shot
Had made our old frigate scarce able to float.
We had stripped from the "Monsieurs" a few of their airs,
We had hunted them into their harbours like hares,
And now we lay quietly awaiting repairs:
We also uncommon shorthanded had got,
Disease and the Frenchmen, bad luck to the pair,
Had made us of deck hands most wretchedly bare;
We had therefore no choice but to take on a few,
Though our space here admits only mention of two.

Two thorough-bred natives, rough, hard-headed rogues, In the height of the fashion, shillelahs and brogues, But never a bit of a brain had the dogs. Had we searched the isle over and over again

For a more stupid couple, our search had been vain,

As such, I am certain, we could not obtain.

Their task was a light one, which neither much heeded,

Just lending a hand where it chanced to be needed,

But 'twas very soon seen by the blunders they made

That they both were most wondrous green at the trade.

Still, granting the usual allowance for clime

It was thought they might do well enough for a time.

The love of two brothers no closer could stick
Than the love that existed 'twixt Paddy and Mick;
Each had the true Irishman's kindness of heart,
And like dogs in a couple were never apart,
And when into a scrape any one of them fell,
The other was sure to be guilty as well;
Though often the worst of rough usage they got,
They seemed void of feeling and minded it not,
Till we felt quite convinced that the adage was true—
"The more you lick Paddy the more he likes you."
While the scrapes they got into were sometimes so droll,
That our feelings we often had work to control.
So exceedingly funny were some of their freaks,
That we've laughed till the tears trickled over our cheeks.

But, though oft we made game of poor Mick's want of sense, And often made merry at Paddy's expense, We all could have wept when we knew of the end That so suddenly came to poor Micky our friend. So ridiculous still was this blunder of theirs, That smiles were not wanting to stifle our tears. One thing it seemed both of them greatly desired, Was to find out the way that a cannon was fired. For days and for nights o'er the matter they brooded— They schemed and they plann'd, till at length they concluded Some morning to rise at an hour rather early, Hoping thus to work out their experiment fairly. This plan was the fruits of some weeks' studying, But to put it in force was a different thing, As the blunders they made, though they seldom did harm, Were often the cause of no little alarm, And the skipper kept on them so watchful an eye That they scarcely could cough but he'd have to know why: And of favours he neither was stinted nor loath, Having kindly agreed to bestow on them both A souse overboard the first time they were got In possession of either guns, powder, or shot, Unpolish'd in manner, broad, burly, and bluff-Altogether a piece of superior stuffHe could toss off his bucket, enjoy a good laugh, But a bird you'd unlikely be catching with chaff. By the slash of a cutlass of one eye bereft, A piercer remained in the one he had left-So much so that we all of us joined in agreeing, It affected his temper far more than his seeing. At length one grey morning, all peaceful and quiet, Our sons of the island resolved on to try it, So they crept from their bunks e'er a living had stirr'd, And reached the gun-deck all unseen and unheard; But, alas! when they met, to their chagrin they found It would be a hard matter to keep in the sound, And unless some idea got into their naps. All their long-treasured schemes would most swiftly collapse, And the whole of their plans be thrown on to the shelf, As the noise would awaken old "Sooty" himself. But away Micky went, and a cure quickly got, Bringing back on his shoulders the large boiling pot, Which the cook each day used their grub to prepare in, And which soon would put right the dilemma they were in; This pot was a stout one, and Micky well knew it, This lesson he learned when he tumbled into it, As through the dark passage to hidings he slunk, The very last time that the skipper was drunk.

He now loudly bawled out, "Arrah, Pat, I'll be bound, Here is just the real ticket to keep in the sound." 'Gainst the mouth of the gun it was planted by Pat, With, "Micky, my jewel! hold steady at that." Into proper position Mick speedily got, His feet 'gainst the port-holes, his arms round the pot: Then Paddy procuring a piece of live coal, Came and cautiously placed it upon the touch-hole, When the gun bounded back with a mighty display, And Micky went bounding the opposite way. When down in a body rushed Captain and crew, What a scene of confusion appeared to their view; Stockstill stood poor Pat, looking woefully blue, Gazing straight at the port-hole that Micky went through. Like a tiger the skipper seized Pat by the throat, Grasping all in one handful, shirt, cravat, and coat: "Every living," he shouted, "you wanted to kill, But you'll swing for't to-morrow, you certainly will: To the point of the yardarm you'll speedily jog, You sneaking clod-hopper, you murdering dog!" Ne'er a word replied Pat, but stood scratching his head, Till he kind of recovered his wits, when he said, "Auch, be aisy, my beauties, don't raise such alarms, Mick has just gone ashore with the pot in his arms!"

# The Mouse and the Cat.

[Being a quadruped's excuse for not keeping his word, respectfully dedicated to the kind consideration of a certain race of bipeds who frequently endeavour to hide their short-comings under the same mantle.]

NEAT little mouse had for long been a dweller, In the dark gloomy depths of a beer-dealer's cellar; Long had he enjoyed his free lodgings and board, Living snug as a Prince on the things therein stored; All hither and thither he gambolled at will, Of the good things of life always getting his fill; Around in great vats stood the finest of ale, The sweet and the bitter, the brown and the pale; The choicest of wines, too, you there could behold, From the finest Burgundy a hundred years old, Up to those of last vintage so creamy and mellow; Also whisky in store had this trim little fellow, The finest old Islay, and Campbeltown yellow. So much, then, for his liquors: and as for his food— He had lots of provisions, both tasty and good, With some neat little cupboards, filled up with fine cheese, To step in when he liked and his hunger appease. Was there ever a mouse had such dainties as these?

But a closer inspection quite altered his view, When he found a strange ring that jumped up with a spring, And some fur of a mouse sticking grimly thereto. Which made it appear not the genuine thing. But time rolled along, and the mouse getting old, Must needs have a something to keep out the cold, And traps proving worthless, the dealer 'twould seem, Had sent a big cat to make short work of him; A real mouse-destroyer, a monster in size, With a fierce-looking light in her great glancing eyes, And a mouth whose dimensions would easy suffice To have swallowed at least half-a-dozen of mice. With such an attendant his haunts ever near, His brains he would have to keep extra clear. So morning and evening to taste he began, Just taking a drop like a moderate man. He was cautious at first, but as time rolled away His caution forsook him, till one luckless day, When taking his morning, he ventured too near, And, as bad luck would have it, fell into the beer. How long the poor mouse might have lain I can't say, Had the great cat herself not been passing that way. At the sight of the cat he felt something less sad, Though her look was not such as should make a mouse glad;

As a general rule he'd have hooked it like mad, But to-day his condition was morally bad; His hopeless position he plainly could feel, And was therefore resolved to the cat to appeal, Though it seemed, as the proverb says, "catching a straw." But necessity's claim will admit of no law, And adversity makes us strange bed-fellows ken, Which to mice will apply quite the same as to men, He in very weak tones to his side beckoned puss, Who most willingly came, and he spoke to her thus— "To put me from pain and destroy me complete, If you save me from drowning, you'll get me to eat, As it don't matter much how I feel death's sharp sting, To be swallowed or drowned comes to much the same thing; Therefore eat me at once, for I plainly can see, It will do you some good, and be no worse for me." Though strangely amused was the cat at the plea, To his simple request she at once did agree, And the mouse from the vat she immediately drew, Intending to make a nice meal of him too. But, alas! for intentions, no matter how grand, They're but structures of glass, built on pillars of sand, This moment we see them, all real-like and fair, The next, and like vapour they're vanished in air;

For the fumes of the beer, or some other cause, Made puss sneeze, and so let the mouse drop from her jaws, Who, freed from his captor, all silently stole, With the quickness of thought to his neat little hole. Where no sooner had he got himself safely in, Than he turned and looked round with a comical grin. But loud were the wild angry ravings of puss, "How now, base ingrate! is your gratitude thus: But a moment ago when I came to your aid, In the gloomy beer vat you were rolling half-dead; And had I not with your strange wishes complied, Ere many hours hence you were sure to have died: Do you know that in this you most basely have lied." To this heinous charge the mouse quaintly replied— "'Tis a thing of the past where I then was, and how, 'Tis a thing of the present, the place I hold now: 'Tis a thing of the future to keep myself clear From the dangers surrounding a big vat of beer; Though its rather consoling to see things so square— Me safe in my hole here, and you standing there; For before you came round, I must candidly own, Though in jolly good spirits, my spirits were down. As regards to our bargain, I safely may say That bargains were broken, aye, long ere to-day.

My case was a hard one, for when I was found,
I had only two chances—be swallowed or drowned;
With the first I'd a chance, with the last I had none,
So the cards have been shuffled, and I've, of course, won.
To conclude, there's an old saying, good, although old,
'That you cannot believe half the lies that are told;'
And Burns says so plain that the blindest may see,
'The best laid schemes of mice and men aft gang aglee;'
And in justice you hardly can call it a crime,
Being under the influence of drink at the time."

#### John Tamson's Sleep-in, and his Cure for it.

OHN TAMSON was an honest man,
A decent, thrifty wife was Mag,
But when in earnest she began,
My faith! her tongue she weel could wag.

O' a' the toun she was the brag, Guid pity them she yokit on; Yet still, wi' a' her failin's, Mag Had been a worthy wife tae John. Weel, ae Fair nicht John met a freen', A decent, sober, kintra chiel; Wha speir'd for him, where he had been, And kindly speir'd for Mag as weel.

"I'm gaun tae Robin Wricht's," quo' he,
"Sae, John, my man, if ye've a min'
Tae step inside along wi' me,
I'll staun' a dram for Auld Langsyne."

John thank'd him weel, sae in they went,

The promised dram was sune made three;
A happy nicht the twa freen's spent,

Conversin' owre what used tae be.

O' a' their joys when they were boys,
O' a' their hopes since they turned men;
O' mony a strange unlook'd for change,
That had come owre them baith since then.

Till frae the auld clock on the brae,
Eleven chaps o' warnin' fell;
"My faith!" quo' John, "I maun away,
Oor Mag ca's that the 'blackguard's bell.'

"I trow ye, lad, she will be mad,
I'll catch'd this nicht, as sure as fate;
The time has pass'd most awfu' fast,
I never dream'd it was sae late."

In due time John got tae his ha',
And cannily he slippit ben,
Hung up his bonnet on the wa',
And sat doun by the snug fire-en'.

Nae notion had he o' escape,

Owre aft Mag's temper had he seen;

Her mouth was thrown fair oot o' shape,

And fire was flashin' frae her een.

He ne'er had seen her in sic wrath,

She raged and storm'd wi' micht and main;
"She'd kaim his heid, as sure as death,

If e'er he did the like again."

And kennin' he was in the wrang,

He contradicted noucht she said;

Took off his claes and shoon ere long,

And slippit quaitly tae his bed.

Though fast asleep, and snorin' loud,

That nicht he fell asleep fu' sune;

He plainly heard Mag's hindmost word—

"My faith! he'll no get sleepin'-in."

For lang his heid was in a bizz,

At length he had an eerie dream:

A band of warriors met his gaze,

He saw their polished airmour gleam.

Mail clad upon that field he stood,
Aroun', the bluid like water ran;
He found his airm wi' strength endow'd,
And did his duty like a man.

He dealt his blows baith richt and left,

But found the proverb proved ere long—
"The race not always to the swift,

Nor yet the battle to the strong."

A Russian wi' a muckle sword,
Gied him a crack across the croon;
John raised his neive without a word,
And quickly knock'd the rascal doun.

A cannon ball as big's a hoose,

Here struck and nearly dang him blin';

The cannon's roar he'd heard before—

"'Twas John, get up, ye've sleepit-in!"

He sprauchled tae his feet sae quick,
That owre the bed-stock oot he fell;
The sword turned oot his ain oak stick,
The Russian was Mag hersel'.

Her tongue gaed like a vera flail,

Till e'en the wa's and rafters rung:

Nae warrior's airm, or coat o' mail,

Could save him noo frae Mag's sharp tongue.

He slippit on his claes, and stole
Aff tae his wark wi' dizzy brain,
Vowin' wi' a' his heart and soul,
He never wad sleep-in again.

A dreary life frae this he led,
She deaved his ear wi' nichtly din—
"Of John, my man, mak' for yer bed,
Ye min' the day ye sleepit-in!"

The fair cam' on again, and John,

Though sair it was against his will,
Wi' cairter Jock and some mair folk,
Gaed in tae taste o' Robin's yill.

Nae better yill was ere in stock,

The nicht gaed by wi' mirth and sang;

John quite forgot tae look the clock,

'Till he had waited far owre lang.

At length he took his partin' cup,

And a' the ithers did the same;

But John had mony a queer turn up

That nicht, afore he managed hame.

He broke a drucken lamp-post's face,
Wha' on his shouthers tried tae jump;
He spent the best pairt o' an hour
In conversation wi' the pump.

Wha John took for a kindly "Peg,"
On whose merits he did enlarge,
Complainin' hoo he'd been abused,
And straightway gied the post in charge.

But comin' up the Beggar's Brae, He saw a chap, a torn-doon chiel; Wha at the least was oot his way, In Fairmer Finlay's tattie-field.

John quickly scrambled owre the dyke,
And catched the fellow by the coat:
"Ye're oucht," quo' John, "but honest like,
Let's hear your ain opinion o't."

He quizzed the body sair and lang,

But in reply got ne'er a soun';

Till—losin' patience—wi' a bang

He knock'd the Fairmer's scare-crow down!

This put John raither aff the plum,

Tho' hard he tried his feet tae keep;

Doun' tae the ground he needs maun come,

And vera sune was fast asleep.

He couldna tell hoo lang he'd sleep't,

It must ha'e been some hours at least;

For by the time he waukened up,

The day was breakin' in the east.

He tae his feet, drew oot his watch,
'Twas five o'clock if it was yin':
"Weel, weel!" quo' he, "five tho' it be,
Mag canna say I sleepit-in."

Mag had her roun' o' flytin' first,

Then grat awhile, and then did baith:

Till by the time that John appeared,

She lookit like a vera wraith.

As sune's she saw him, oot she ran, And speir'd, wi' mony a lovin' name, "What awfu' thing had happened him, Tae keep him a' nicht frae his hame."

"My hame!" quo' John, "deil tak' the jaud, Some folk's conceit is sair tae see, As if this hoose had ever had A single hamely word for me.

"It may hae hamely looks for you,
But as for me, it ne'er had nane;
And naething's happened me this nicht,
But what may happen sune again.

- "Guid kens! I've lang been put aboot, Wi' your infernal noise and din, But noo I'm startit sleepin' oot, Nae mair ye'll catch me sleepin'-in.
- "Frae this time forrit, ye maun ken,
  I'm something better than a dug;
  Say ae lood word, and, faith! ye'll fin',
  Ye've got the wrang soo by the lug.
- "Unless ye turn a new leaf, Mag,
  And stop your girnin', growlin' way,
  As I've commenced this self-same nicht,
  I'll e'en continue sae tae dae.
- "It's my time noo tae wear the breeks, Guid kens! ye've had a rantin' spell; Sae mak' a promise, yes or no, Ye ken what fits ye best yersel'."

Sic talk frae John, ye may suppose, Cut Mag jist like a vera sword; It fairly took her by the nose, She couldna even speak a word. She had nae choice but tak' his plan, And mak' a promise then and there; If he'd come hame, nae maiter whan, She'd never speak o't ony mair.

Frae that tae this, John's life is bliss,
Tho' aft he swallows mair than yin,
He's never heard a single word,
Aboot the day he sleepit-in.

## Coal Jock.

'BODY kent Jock Jamieson, wha kept the toun coal ree,
A mair industrious sort o' man ye couldna wish tae see.
His name was jist a household word for many a mile aroun',
His ree, an institution, quite a feature o' the toun.
O' kitchen coal, and parlour coal, he aye had sic a stock,
Nor was he swear't tae throw a lump the way o' puirer folk.
John had three cares, and wi' the three got on extremely well—
The cuddy first, then cam' his wife, and last o' a' himsel';
A weel-matched pair, a' folks remarked, John and the cuddy made,
And wi' their dusky merchandise they did a thrifty trade;

Delivered tae ye by the cart, the hunnerweicht, or poke, Wi' promptitude a' orders were attended by coal Jock. The time gaed by, the trade did weel, and a' things prospered, till Ae day the wife and cuddy baith took dangerously ill; The cuddy soon got owre its tout, but Mysie weaker grew, The doctor dooted vera much if she wad e'er get through. John sent aff for the minister, for, deed, tae tell the truth, He thought the same himsel', and sae was unco doun o' mooth: "Hech, sirs, the day!" quo' John, "if she should dee and leave us a', I canna see in a' the earth hoo we'll get on ava." But Mysie had her ain min' o't, and didna slip away, Though hauf the toun had prophesied the vera 'oor and day. John met the minister ae day sune after in the toun, Wha was uncommon glad tae hear that Mysie had got roun': "Ye've reason tae be thankful, sir, she's left tae ye in life, 'Twad been an awfu' blow," quo' he, "if ye had lost the wife." "Deed that's jist what I am," quo' John, "for, waes me, she was din, And mair like death than onything, that nicht that ye were in; I'll ne'er forget it a' my life, it gied me sic a scaur, Though lookin't in a business licht, it micht been even waur." "Been waur!" exclaimed the wearer of the broadcloth and the hat, "Worse than the losin' o' your wife, I know no worse than that." "Ay! that there is," douce John replied, "as you may easy see, The cuddy wad hae been, I doot, a faur waur loss tae me:

For though the wife had dee'd, the business wadna ha'en tae stop, While had we lost the cuddy—losh! we micht hae shut the shop." This logic took the minister completely tae the fair, He didna think it worth his while tae argue ony mair.

John's coal ree stood ahint the hoose, a frail thing o' the kind. 'Twad been an easy thing tae steal, wi' ony sae inclined; He thought his neebors honest folk, he couldna see ava, Hoo ony for a lump o' coal wad sell their soul awa': "Losh me! it wad be sic a black, and sic a burnin' sin—" But ere a week gaed owre his heid, he had tae change his tin. When gangin' oot ae mornin', he some muckle fitsteps saw, Which let him see he wasna paid for a' that gaed awa. Fine kent he 'twas his neebor's wife—reel-fitted Betsy Young— But he daurna speak o't for his life, she'd sic an awfu' tongue. Aboot her boasted honesty he noo began tae doot, But though he watched nicht after nicht, he couldna fin' her oot: However, in a while, he fixed upon anither plan, Which wad, he thought, hae some effect tae stop her tarry han'. Sae he down frae the town as nicht a pound o' pouther broucht, A tidy present this wad be, douce John the body thocht, "'Twill help tae set their coals alow, that doesna cost them oucht, She's gi'en me mony a blawin' up, and ca'd me mony a name, Ay, mony a rackit she has caused, when she come fuddled hame. What I ha'e stood frae Betsy's tongue is mair than tongue can tell, But turn aboot she'll get, I doot, a blaw-up noo hersel'."

That vera nicht he quaitly gaed and bored a lump o' coal,

Then took the pouther he had boucht, and toomed it in the hole;

Put in a wee bit plug o' clay and smoothed it owre wi' gum,

And put it where the thieves were sure tae get it should they come.

John thoucht unto himsel' that nicht, tho' 'boot it he kept dumb,

"Wha burns this bit will need nae sweep tae come and soop their lum."

Next mornin', afore John gaed oot, Rab Young cam' slippin' in, The body was sair put aboot, and awfu' doun o' win'; "Losh me the day!" quo' he tae John, "we ne'er got sic a fricht, A thunner-crack cam' down oor lum the middle o' the nicht: Deed ay! it's jist a mercy that we werena killed ootricht." -When Mysie steppit in wi' Rab, she saw a woefu' case, It seemed as if the kettle-lid had flown in Betsy's face. Her face was blue, her een was black, her winkers nearly close, And, losh the day! she had an awfu' blister on her nose. Though John for Betsy felt as much as ony ither yin, 'Twas a' he daur dae for her noo—the damage had been din'. He never thought that there had been sae muckle pouther in: Still, if she'd got it pretty het, she had hersel' tae blame, 'Twad maybe help tae keep her tarry fingers nearer hame. And sae it did, and frae that day she got the awfu' knock, She buys her coals, and pays them tae, like ither decent folk.

## A Lay of the Line.

OU will marvel, I know, that our Chief should bestow
Such attention and care upon me;
Not a fig am I worth on the face of the earth,
And what wonder, at eighty-and-three.

Yet when Railways were young, I was hardy and strong,
And could tackle the best of them all:
But man's vigour is brief, had it not been our Chief,
I'd have gone long ere this to the wall.

'Tis some years since, I guess, when the morning express,
Was started 'twixt here and Carlisle:
The time we'd to go was some two hours or so—
And the distance—some ninety-odd miles.

Which with old "92" we could easily do,

Newly built was she then, tight and trim;

Jack French was my mate, when I think of him yet,

I had never a stoker like him.

If I said a sharp word, when detention occurred,
With a joke, Jack would laugh the thing o'er;
While he prized more than life that sweet gem of a wife
He had married some summers before.

Ay! and well might he prize, in those clear azure eyes,

Love's light like a beacon did burn;

How she smiled, the dear heart, when she saw him depart,

How she joyed when she saw him return.

There was never on earth a more cosier hearth,
Or two lives so unclouded and clear;
Not the least of their joy was that sunny-haired boy,
Who now is our Chief Engineer.

I can picture again how my old mother then,

Kept a motherly eye on the pair;

For Jane was not strong when the baby was young,

And took ill with our smoke-poisoned air.

It would have been, I doubt, but a sorry look-out,
Without her to encourage and cheer:
"Twas a kindness, they said, could not well be repaid,
By aught they could do for us here.

But she's gone to the mould, and though now grey and old,
There's a voice in my heart tells me so:
That in regions above, for this kindness and love,
She's been tenfold repaid long ago.

While as time sped along, the dear fellow grew strong,
Not a healthier boy could you see;
When we came into sight, he would meet us at night,
And walk home 'twixt his father and me.

Till that terrible day when I took him away,
I'd been under a promise awhile,
When the warm days were come, to take him from home,
On a trip all the way to Carlisle.

With the airs of a king stood the sunny-haired thing, In his new-made dress, tidy and trim; Oh, a mother ne'er smiled on a happier child, Or fondled a sweeter than him.

Jack was sadder, if aught, than his usual I thought,
With a far-away look in his eye:
But the most of our lives with dull moments is fraught,
Which an hour at the most will blow by.

His face lacked the smile it had aye worn erewhile, And he spoke in a strange listless way: When I mentioned the little one's trip to Carlisle, He fain would have said to it—nay!

- "For my mind," he replied, "with forebodings is rife, Though I know naught that should us annoy; Still, how worthless would life be to me and my wife, Should a mishap occur to our boy.
- "Though I long to be rid of such fancies as these,
  And have tried hard—they will not away;
  For my mind's ill at ease, and so—Bill, if you please,
  I would rather not take him to-day."
- To the risks we'd to make he was keenly awake,
  And the ills that might hourly befall;
  As for me, I scarce thought, having nothing at stake,
  While with him he had simply all.
- I was free and unbound by such ties, to be sure,
  And was rash, when I think on it now:
  But my motives were pure, for I could not endure,
  Bringing gloom to the little one's brow.

So a promise I made—not a hair of his head Would be harmed, were he trusted to me— For I'd rather lose time on the journey, I said, Than cloud for a moment his glee.

After starting-time, fully three minutes we stood,
Which I thought for our run augured ill;
While strive on as we would, trying all that we could,
We lost other three climbing the hill.

There was something, I felt, with the engine not right,
She must somehow be losing her steam;
Jack had never been guilty of firing light,
No blame, I felt, rested with him.

I examined her o'er, underneath and before,
But nothing amiss could I find;
Yet when rounding the ridge at the Seven-arch Bridge,
We were over eight minutes behind.

After that she improved, we got on pretty free,
And ran time, with a few minutes o'er;
We cleared off some three, 'twixt the Bridge and New-C.,
And next section would give us two more.

2

Clear-signall'd on to it, we thundering sped,
With a clear run before us for miles;
I had just patted Jack's little boy on the head,
Who had answered me back with his smiles.

When, "Heavens!" cried Jack, with a face like a sheet,
As our engine dashed clear of the woods;
"What is that?" I replied, as I sprung from my seat,
"My God!'tis a broken-down 'goods.'"

I pulled back the lever, Jack flew to the brake, But 'twas useless, the thing was so near; Ere the turn of a wheel from our speed we could take, With fierce force we dashed into their rear.

No judgment or forethought by any were shown,
All was muddle, confusion, and mess:

No hand-flag was out, or fog-signal set down,
To warn the approaching Express.

"Twas against all authority, practice, and rules,
Which on this head is pointed and strong,
That the guards had both gone to the engine, like fools,
To see what had with it gone wrong.

How I got off so light in that terrible smash,

Heaven knows, for I never could tell;

I've some faint recollection of hearing a crash,

As I sprung from the footplate, and fell

On a heap of loose rubbish, some twenty yards off,
Which I struck with considerable force:
But, though stunned for a moment, and shaken enough,
It might have been a thousand times worse.

"Where's Jack and his boy?" were the first words I said, As I rushed off in sorrowful quest; 'Neath a part of the tender we found him crushed dead, With his boy clasped all safe to his breast.

How I carried him home, and the sad tidings broke,
I could not explain though I tried:
But the poor mother daily sunk under the shock,
And she left us her boy when she died.

Though there was not a drop of our blood in his veins,
All that parents could do have we done;
We rejoiced in his joys, and felt keenly his pains,
He was more to us far than a son.

But my mother's long gone, where I'll soon follow on,
As my days must be soon numbered here;
Yet my heart's always glad when I think of the lad,
Who now is our Chief Engineer.

#### The Brewer's Bridal.

HOUGH forty years, the old man said, with swift and silent flight,

Into the yawning past has sped since that wild wintry night,
And time, with each succeeding year, has furrowed deep my brow,
I see it all as fresh and clear as though it happened now.
The sloping path on either side, my mind can yet recall,
The crystal current clear and wide, the stepping-stones and all—
Thus was it many a year before the present bridge was known.
No means were then for crossing o'er save by the ford alone—
We might have used the bridge, of course, away beside the Mill,
But what a toil for man and horse, the winding Smiddy Hill;
Nay, rather risk the river's spate with all its rush and roar,
And many a man had tempted fate at that same ford before.
An eerie chill creeps o'er me still, when from the upland glens
The waters brown come roaring down in torrents past "Step-en's;"

While thro' the shadowy past, away my thoughts will musing roam Upon the Brewer's Bridal Day, that never yet has come.

The day before, through storm and rain, the Brewer toiled on well, He longed to reach his home again before the twilight fell; His hardy horse sped on its course, and spite of wind and shower Had stopped before the old "Inn" door long ere the usual hour. The barmaid heard them come meanwhile, and out she eager ran, To welcome with a happy smile her soon-to-be "guidman;" The Brewer press'd unto his breast the artless maiden coy, His heart was light, as well it might, his eye beamed full of joy, That mong them all who strove to win, he only should prevail, The fairest flower that blossomed in the fairest Ayrshire vale. Too short the time that afternoon for all they had to say. The old clock warned the Brewer soon he needs must haste away. He ne'er before had left that door so full of joy and pride. When next he came across the moor, 'twould be to claim his bride. Love like a meteor lit his way across the moorlands home, While hope kept pointing to a day—that happy day to come.

When o'er the earth, in all her gloom, that night had settled down, Within a cosey well-lit room of that old Ayrshire town A few fond well-wishers and friends sat round the jovial board, To have a final shake of hands, and say a parting word

With him, their worthy guest, who, ere their eyes might see again, Would round his neck the fetters wear of matrimony's chain; With merry joke, and laugh, and song, the time went on amain, His health was pledged in liquors strong, drained, filled, and drained again:

Each passed to each the flowing glass, none dared to say it nay,
The Brewer did not let it pass, he drank, and so did they.
The short hours of that happy night sped all too swiftly by,
Nor dreamt they of their onward flight till midnight hour drew
nigh,

And even that drear hour was past, ere home they took their way, Short time for sleep to one who must be out before the day; But ere they parted on their way, each to his separate home, A toast pledged they—"His Bridal Day, and every day to come."

Next morning, on his usual round, the Brewer took his way,

Long ere the distant hills were crowned with streaks of coming day—

And such a day as ever blew, of wind, and sleet, and rain,

Wetwas the Brewer through and through—wet, dried, and drenched again.

The rivers spreading on each side to very lakes did turn, Each burn became a river wide, each ditch became a burn; But busy still his toil he sped, made every stop and call, And still a kindly word he had, and happy smile for all, Till, closing with the closing day his toil, he sat him down,
And started on his homeward way towards the moorland town.
The "Lang Toun's" lights were left behind, night's gloom grew dark and deep,

Till, numbed by wet and lulled by wind, the Brewer fell asleep.

Still slept he, though the storm beat wild round his unconscious head,

As soundly as a wearied child upon its cradle bed; He dreamed, and lo! a heavenly glow of sunshine lit his home, No earthly bliss could equal this, his happy day had come.

The constant horse still hurried on, and still he dreamed away,
Oh! sleep ye on poor hapless one, be happy while you may,
And worship still the fair ideal your dreaming visions see,
For oh! how terribly real your waking hour will be.
Down to the ford, with steady trudge, the old horse turned at will,
It cared not for the narrow bridge, nor yet the winding hill,
Nor cared it though the water's flow had topped the boundary
wall—

Oh! waken, dreamer—waken now!—or never wake at all.

The torrent wild and wilder roared in very eagerness:

Oh! who such fool as cross the ford in such a night as this?

So thought I then, as strangely scared, above the water's roar,

A something like a cart I heard go rumbling past the door,

In eager haste I hurried out—alas! too late was I—
Borne upwards came a gurgling shout, and then a piercing cry—
Shriek followed shriek, till far away it died amid the foam:
Gone, swept away, whose Bridal Day, alas! will never come.

Firm, holding to his wheelless cart, the hapless youth was borne, With cries that roused with fevered start the slumbering folks of "Sorn,"

Who hurried out in wondering haste, but helpless all were they,
The narrow bridge had long been past, and he was far away—
Past "Mill," and "Castle-dam," and wood—oh! where had mercy
flown?

His helpless bark upon the flood was ruthlessly rushed on.

"Help! help!"—his eerie cry was heard above the water's roar; The heart of Catrine ne'er was stirred in such a way before.

Past "Howm" and "Field" it bore him on—God help him! must he die?

Ropes, ladders, haste, the bridge—he's gone!—too late, alas, the cry! Hope, help, and friends, all hurried past, who strove to save in vain.

While fiercer blew the shricking blast, and fell the drenching rain.

A band of brave hearts, stout and young, kept on his track meanwhile,

And heard his last low wail among the woods of Ballochmyle;

dim,

Still hoping on, they made their way amidst the deepening gloom, Vain toilers they—his Bridal Day, will never, never come!

No pale-faced moon nor stars to shed one fitful, feeble glow,
Dark hung the shadows overhead, dark rolled the flood below,
And still they toiled the whole night long, and sought and searched
in vain,

And still the wind blew fierce and strong, and still came down the rain;

All night long did they gaze and grope, without a pause or rest,
Till not a single ray of hope lived in a single breast;
Till deep within the old "Haugh" wood, morn's first pale shadows

Revealed them where the fatal flood had loosed its hold on him.

Where Lugar dark her whole force flings into the surging Ayr,

Grim "Death, the conqueror of kings," had claimed a victim there;

While to the main his faithful horse the ruthless waters bore,

Which yielded up its battered corpse on Prestwick's sandy shore.

The moorland vale that gave him birth received again his clay,

They laid him in his kindred earth, upon his Bridal Day.

The maiden's heart was with him laid, cold, statue-like, and dumb,

Save for the mournful moan she made, "The day will never come."

# On the Andeiling of the Burns' Statue at Kilmarnock.

"It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying.
And now what time we all may read, through dimming tears, his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory."—

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

WAKE old Ayrshire from thy sleep, gird on thy best array,
Thou this one day of all must keep a sacred holiday.

Awake anew the Muse's flame, sing pæans grand and strong,
In honour of his deathless name, thy mighty Son of Song.

Come, Labour, from thy humble "moil," obscured thou wer't unknown,

Till, painter-like, he showed thee forth in grandeur all thine own.

A crown upon thy head he set, life's drones he backward hurled,

And struck a chord that echoes yet, and thrills the very world.

Though bronzed with sun, and grimm'd with soil, a monument art thou,

Of Scotland's boundless bard of toil, the Poet of the Plough.

Arise and swell the chorus, now ring forth his matchless strains,

Till not a trace in eye or brow of gloomy care remains;

Till into woodland glen and mead new life and glow returns, In honour of the deathless dead, thy prince of poets—Burns.

Hail! "Auld Kilmarnock," well ye may this tribute to him bring, Within our hearts he lives, each day proclaims him more a king. What visions of that "Auld Langsyne" this stone re-pictures now, The hodden grey upon his back, the manhood on his brow; When Poesy's fair genius hied her o'er the furrowed knowe, And with her mantle deified the plougher and the plough. O "Land of Burns!" no Scottish vale a prouder title owns, A monumental yard thou art, with statues and with stones. But, Ayrshire, is it such that marks the greatness of his fame? Though first in these, is it from them that ye a kinship claim? No! proofs of art and sculptor's skill, that may some fancies please, Thy soil is crowned with nobler still, and mightier far than these: Each glen shows of his feet the prints, each sod the ploughshare turns,

Tells more than all their monuments of Scotland's poet-Burns.

I've viewed the bed whence to the world he first was ushered in,
I've stood before the cottage door, and felt the "Janwar' win',"
On "hoary, haunted Alloway," I've fixed my 'wilder'd gaze,
And roved the live-long summer day among "Ye Banks and
Braes,"

Till, lost in rapture, I have cried, while echoes woke the gloom,
O Ayrshire, blest with all beside, where is thy poet's tomb?
O sacred shrine of poesy, at Mauchline and Mossgiel,
Could mortal tread those paths he trod, and not a poet feel?
Or pluck a daisy where he stood, and spell-bound hear the while,
The mavis singing in the wood, by sainted Ballochmyle.
O for the depth of feeling great!—O for the magic power
That shrined in song the hapless fate, that crushed the "daisy's flower;"

We need no piles, nor vaulted aisles, nor consecrated urns, To blaze to fame the deathless name of Scotland's poet—Burns.

And thou, fair Nithsdale's capital, 'mong border cities bless'd,
Deep in thy very heart is hid, a prize worth all the rest;
The ashes of a deathless dead is leavening thy mould,
Whose fame will neither fail or fade till time itself is old.
Scorned and neglected in thy midst, ye let him pass away,
Yet what atonement hast thou made, custodian of his clay?
Dumfries, we do not wrong thee now, thy heart itself shall tell,
As keeper of his dust, if thou hast done thy duty well.
If Scotland thy stewardship should in the balance weigh,
Oh! Nithsdale, from thy chaplet a rose would fall this day.
Then haste ye now, while yet ye may your father's faults atone,
From earth's most distant points this day a world is looking on:

A world that never heard his fame in hamely doric sung—
A world that never knew his name but for a stranger's tongue:
A world his lays have captive led, a world that longs and yearns,
For but a withered daisy's head, plucked from the "Land of Burns."

#### The Duke of Mellington's Juneral.

O fifty miles frae Dailly toun,
Leeved Tammas Yett, the farmer body;
A harder workin', sturdier loon,
Ne'er carried plough-airns tae the smiddy.

His best fit first he had tae put,

Waes me, he got his share o' fashes;

The farm he had was naething but

A hungry hole o' whins and rashes.

Nae rest got he, oot sune and late,
Nae heed he paid tae win' or weather:
And, faith! he ken't he'd need tae dae't,
Tae gar the twa en's come thegither.

A kindly wife he had, though she
In a' cash maitters took a guid say:
And if she wore the breeks awee,
'Twas maybe jist as weel she did sae.

Sae Tam's pouch was but seldom rouch, Ilk groat he got he handit till her; Contented, he stuck tae the pleuch, And she, douce body, tae the siller.

A paper, losh! he couldna bide,

Tae stop the wark 'twas awfu' kittle;

Aboot the warld that wag'd ootside,

He kent nae much, and cared as little.

Sae lang's he got his bite o' breid,

What cared he for sic printed vapours;

Nae man o' sense wad stuff his heid,

Wi' screeds o' nonsense oot the papers.

Yin micht be handy in the toun,

But kintra folk could dae withoot it;

For whan a votin' time cam' roun',

The Laird aye tell't them a' aboot it.

Weel, ae day Tam was ticht at wark,

Thrang reddin' up an odd bit corner;

When something gart him stop and hark—

Losh me! thocht he, that's aff the or'ner'.

It's oor auld kirk bell's crackit peal,
Wha ever heard the like on Monday;
'Twad puzzle e'en the vera deil,
Sin' this is neither Fast nor Sunday.

"It gars a body's flesh a' creep,

There's something awfu' wrang, I doot it:
But here comes Sanny Soop, the sweep,
I'll cry him owre and ask aboot it."

(Wha, though a sweep, I'm prood tae say, Had knowledge far abune his station; He'd no been frichted ony day Tae gi'en some big wigs education.)

When Tam at him the question speir'd,

He gied a laugh, sae queer and kittle:

Sic ignorance he'd never heard,

"Man, Tam!" quo' he, "ye ken but little.

•

- "Ye wadna need tae ask me this,

  If you the papers whiles wad look at;

  It's Wellington's great Duke, nae less,

  Wha's taen the gee, and kicked the bucket.
- "The great Duke wha that quarrelsome loon Napoleon aff the carpet hurried; He dee'd last week in London toun, This is the day he's tae be buried.
- "A' folk, through time, maun cut their stick, But, losh! he stood an awfu' dingin'; Sae as a token o' respect, The auld kirk bell's been set a-ringin'."
- "The Duke o' Wellington," cried Tam,
  "Dear me! ye mak' me fairly wonner;
  Since e'er I tae this parish cam',
  Oor auld toun's ne'er got sic an honour.
- "But, deed, we needna glower at oucht,
  Thae big folks tak' sic notions really,
  But wha on earth wad ever thocht
  They'd buried sic as him in Dailly?"

# Pate Bluff the Butcher.

ATE BLUFF, though a butcher, was nae common drink,
For he'd aye in his pouch a guid stock o' loose clink;
Though his een squinted sideways, sae queer-like and thrawn,
At his trade there was never a handier haun'.
Though an unco coarse job is a butcher, we ken
They're a mair usefu' class than some fancier men;
Though they whiles use shairp knives, and ha'e bluid on their brat,
There are some hae kind hearts independent o' that.

Weel, ae day the douce farmer, up by at Glenmoo,
Sent for Pate to come owre there and slaughter a coo;
Sae he tied on his brat, the grim taker o' lives,
Wi' his belt and his steel, and his cargo o' knives;
Threw his axe owre his shouther, the bluid-thirsty loon,
Had a glass in the "Pub" at the fit o' the toun,
Got his pipe set a-gaun, drew his cap owre his broo,
And in due time arrived at the farm o' Glenmoo.

What ye read in the Bible is gospel nae doot, When it tells ye "a tree is aye kent by its fruit:"



Sae it is wi' the butcher, he's kent by his wark,

For the very dougs met him wi yowl and wi' bark.

A' the weans tae their mithers, on seeing him, raced,

A' the cats took the lum-taps as if they'd been chased;

Noucht was seen that had life in't, when Pate cam' in view,

For they a' kent the butcher up there at Glenmoo.

Sae a' things were got ready, the dark deed tae dae,
Pate had thrown aff his coat tae be ready tae slay,
Wee Will Watt was appointed tae len' him a haun',
Though he didna like't, still, he kent somebody maun;
'Twas the first killin' job he had ever been at,
But the folk wad but laugh if he tell't them o' that;
His wark was tae haud by the heid o' the coo,
Which Pate was tae fell in the barn at Glenmoo.

But he aye jokit back, when he should hae held grim,
And nae wunner, Pate's een seemed aye markin' for him;
Three times when Pate lifted his axe for the blow,
Three times Will ran oot, and the coo's heid let go:
Till Pate fair lost his temper, and swore deep and dark,
And roar'd at wee Will—"What he meant by sic wark,—
"Min' I'm no come tae be made a fule o' by you,
No, nor twenty sic dunnerheids here at Glenmoo!"

"Weel, I'd jist like tae speir ye a question," said Will,

"Are ye sure it's the coo, Pate, yer meaning tae kill?

Dae ye ettle tae hit where yer noo lookin' at?"

"My faith!" replied Pate, "I'm jist ettlin' that—

Hit the place whaur I'm lookin'! that's jist what I'll dae."

"There's the heid, then," cried Will, "ye can batter away—

Since yer meanin' tae strike whaur yer lookin' the noo,

I ken ae trick worth twenty o' haudin' the coo."

# The Rival Gradients.

WA natives o' a hielan' toun,

Tae Glesca' cam a trip last simmer;

Where, at the novel sichts aroun',

They took a week tae glower and glimmer.

Twa thicker-heided, rougher cowts,
I'm sure was never seen thegither;
As stupid as twa hielan' knowts,
The yin was greener than the ither.

Frae some queer corner in Caithness,
Oor worthy freen's had cam' the hale way,
Determined no tae work, unless
They got a job about the Railway.

A kintra chap on railways here,
Gets on far readier than a toun yin,
Sae Mac got on at Brig o' Weir,
And Angus started on the Union.

And ae nicht no lang after tat,

Tae gang somehow they'd baith occasion,
Tae Paisley, and as luck wad hae't,

They met thegither at the Station.

Richt prood was Angus, sae was Mac,
And haun's were shook in freen'ly greetin',
While Angus, eager for the crack,
Extolled the unexpected meetin'.

"It's lang," quo' he, "since I had yin,
My throat's grown perfect dry and husky,
Sae here's a dram shop weel gang in
And ha'e a talk and taste o' whusky."

For crackin', baith were in rare tid,

They mony a merry set related,

If yin cam' oot wi' something guid,

The ither yin was sure tae beat it.

The whusky thowed their hielan' bluid,

The Line 'mong ither things was mooted,

Ye'd thoucht they'd been on't since the flood,

Sae much they bounced and blaw'd aboot it.

Yin praised the hovel, yin the pick,
Yin's road was steep, the ither's steeper,
The tartan fairly got the kick,
It stood nae chance wi' rail and sleeper.

Mac's road was awfu' uphill wark,

The length that he was workin' next tae
Was like the riggin' o' a kirk,

The gradients on't were yin and sixty.

"Sixty," pooh'd Angus, frae his side,
"There's noucht in that tae gar yin wunner,
Man, on the line where I'm employed,
The gradient's yin in every hunner."

# The Arran Post.

AM Templeton and Tibb his wife, Had leeved a lang contented life, Twa kintra bodies, married young, Nae wappin' wi' the nieve or tongue Ere cast a shadow owre the hame O' this douce, kin'ly man and dame. Tho' nae bit bairnies ere had they, Tam was as pleased it should be sae, While Tibby let the neebours see, If he was happy, sae was she. Yin in the ither saw nae faut, 'Twas guidman this, and guidwife that; He wadna swappit wi' the king, And she in him had everything, And a' the folks wha that airt cam', Spak' a guid word o' Tibb and Tam.

Unless on fair or market day, They never were a mile away; Nae railway lines were then laid doun,
Tae whirl ye aff frae toun tae toun—
A train, losh me! they never saw
Till they were mair than sixty-twa.
'Twas the auld coach, or failin' it,
Ye had tae shank it on yer fit,
While cam' the post-gig yince a day,
And changed its horse and sped away;
And when the "iron horse" cam' oot,
It was a thing tae talk aboot.
"Steamships and trains, guid guide us a'!"
Quo' Tam, "what means the warld ava',
Steam, na', for a' the praise they gie't,
I'll no beleev't till yince I see't."

Sae 'twas arranged some day ere lang,
When Tammas wasna vera thrang,
They'd tae Ardrossan ha'e a trip,
And get a view o' train and ship;
And, losh me! when the iron horse cam',
'Twas nae wee sicht tae Tibb and Tam,
And when they'd reached a' safe and soun'
The Station in the ancient toun,
Doun tae the quay the twa did rin

Tae see the steamer comin' in,
Which wasna lang, and when it did,
They baith were fair astonished;
When tae the shore they'd daunered, there
A sicht surprised them even mair,
Engaged by some saut water folks,
A man drove oot a bathin' box—
Losh! Tibby glower'd wi' open een
Tae see the unco queer machine.
"Preserve us a'," cried Tammas then,
"I wunner what they'd stick at, men,
The like o' this I never saw,
It fairly pits the hat on a'.
Guid kens, Tibb, what we're comin' tae,
That's jist the Arran post away."

# CHRONICLES OF THE CLACHAN.

# The Auld Brig-En'.

**∞;≎;**∞

"This is the time when the grey old man, Leaps back to the days of youth."—ELIZA COOK.

Y'M musing on the dream-lit scenes far in the days gone by,

Ere care or toil had bent my frame, or age had dimm'd my eye,

Through all those years a glory gleams with rainbow colours rimm'd,

Of sunny dreams, of vales and streams, that shadow never dimm'd; I join again the ringing strain that when a child I sung,

I tread once more the well-known paths I roamed when I was young,

O'er many a rocky boulder stern, through many a downy den, Or paidlin' in the wimplin' burn, beside the Auld Brig-En'. I'm gazing on the rustic cot against the sloping hill, And garden where the white rose-bush sheds forth its blossoms still,

Oh! gem of earth, how this lone heart clings to that sacred spot, A very Paradise thou wert, and yet I knew it not. What reck'd I though with buds and flowers earth like an Eden

shone,

The moments of life's golden hours unheeded hurried on, Oh! haste ye on the time, I cried, I long to mix with men, Oh! talents hid or misapplied, beside the Auld Brig-En'.

Thus boyhood's hours in eager chase, like winged arrows flew,
Nor dreamt I, as they fled apace, that life was fleeting too,
Till manhood's vigour girt my form, and brought an angel fair,
That took my very heart by storm and reigned the Empress there.
She made my cot a very bower, till palace-like it shone,
And oh! I blest the day and hour I claimed her as my own.
If earth has bliss this sure was bliss, how happy was I then,
No spot in all the world like this, beside the Auld Brig-En'.

Home of my heart, the Auld Brig-En', thy name breathes still a charm,

Re-gilding memory's time-worn chain with scenes when life was warm,

And if I loved thee then so well when sunny was my brow.

Oh! that this heart of mine could tell how much I love thee now.

But ere the ties that bind us part, a song I fain would sing,

Which if it cheer some drooping heart, or wake some hidden spring,

Contented will I lay my head of fourscore years and ten,

To mix among the mouldering dead beside the Auld Brig-En'.

But all is changed, and I am changed, the last bright spark has fled, My boyhood's dreams, my manhood's hopes, are all destroyed and dead;

Changed those fair locks to snowy white that crowned my sunny brow,

And the eyes that once were clear and bright are dimm'd and darkened now;

The sons of whom my bounty nursed unheeding pass me by, And shun me like a thing accursed if I should venture nigh. Oh, let me lay this weary head of fourscore years and ten, Where all my hopes have long been laid, beside the Auld Brig-En'.

# The Shoemaker's Shop.

YN the shoemaker's shop at the Clachan owre by, Where vince 'mong its "souters" a 'prentice was I, Wi' its fu' leather bed, and its nail studded wa', Was as queer-like a core as ye maist ever saw. Up like larks in the mornin' at break o' daylicht, They kept peggin' awa' till far on in the nicht, When the weel polished lamp like a gasalier shone, And the windows were barr'd, and the shutters were on. When a wee steerin' bairn, 'twas my greatest desire Tae get heatin' their airns at the side o' the fire; Or row mysel' owre 'mong the big leather bales, And lie scrapin' the pairin's for tackets and nails, Till ye micht put me doun as a "souter" complete, I could hardly get time tae gang hame for my meat; And my mither wad say—"Gang and eat whaur ye stop," Which meant, I suppose, tae the Shoemaker's Shop.

Though sair enough pushed whiles, they ne'er were owre thrang, But they'd jump when the word cam' o' onything wrang, No the least fancy-fingered, I'm thinkin', were they,
Ony thing in the world they could put their haun's tae.
When the farmer's auld mare in the clay-hole had faun,
They were first on the carpet tae gi'e him a haun',
If a horse wi' a heavy cart stuck on the brae,
In a jiffy the "souters" were up and away.
Till a half-witted cratur' was heard tae declare
"Ye hardly could 'cheep' till the 'souters' were there;"
While wi' "clootin'" and stitchin' they never were dune,
At the auld rotten graith which the farmers broucht in.
Auld bridles a' patchwork, auld saddles the same,
And breeks wad gart even a midden think shame,
In the midst o' an inseam they'd ha'e ye tae stop,
And repair their auld graith in the Shoemaker's Shop.

He's a fell haun' the farmer, he's nae common drink, He wad soom whaur a finer-bred mortal wad sink; He's as firm in the grup as a five-holed mouse-trap, His hale heart and soul's in his kye and his crap. When a paper he gets, a' he cares for or sees, Is the column devoted to butter and cheese, As hard as a whin-stane, and three times as dour, Ilk sixpence he gets is a prisoner sure; For an odd penny aff he wad prig for a week,

And I've seen me whiles think, they'd ha'e liket if you Had ta'en back their auld shoon in exchange for the new; "And twa-three en's, Tam," was their never-dune cry—Ye'd ha'e fancied they used them for feeding the kye. But wi' a' their droll notions, douce Jenny and Jock Are leal, honest, hard-workin', kirk-ganging folk; And black wad the day be if they were tae stop Bringin' in their auld shoon tae the Shoemaker's Shop.

Ae day cam' auld Farmer Briggs doun frae the "Neuk," Wi' a pair o' auld shoon half an inch thick wi' muck, Noo, Tammas, quo' he, here is oor Dauvit's shoon, This is jist their third winter, they canna be dune, Sae I've broucht them doun wi' me tae see if ye'd try Tae cobble them up till the harvest is by.

Ony sma' thing that's wantit I canna jist tell,
But ye'll see what they need when ye look them yersel'.

They'd been oft in oor fingers, we kent them owre weel,
They were patched on the side, on the tae, and the heel;
And if we again started tae patch and repair,
We micht hae got patchin' for twa winters mair.

And I'm no speakin' far aff the mark tae declare,
I have seen tatties set on a far better pair;

But there's folk, if encouraged, wha never wad stop Fetchin' in their auld trash tae the Shoemaker's Shop.

But I noticed Tam Tosh a' the time he was in,
Had a face on him nearly the length o' a spin.
For he kent, and nae wunner it gart him look grim,
That a' thae coarse cobbles were saddled on him;
And that nicht quo' he, "Wull," as he put aff his brat,
"By my faith! I'll affront the auld miser for that."
Sae the next morning, after the "cork" gaed away,
Says he, "No a steek they'll get frae me the day;"
And takin' the auld bauchels down tae the dam,
He washed them and sent them aff hame as they cam',
Puttin' inside a note that the farmer micht read it,
Which stated that cleanin' was a' that they needit.
Gosh! I'll eat my auld bonnet if that disna stop
Him frae sendin' his trash tae the Shoemaker's Shop.

### Shoemaker Tam.

F the auld Clachan worthies o' which I wad tell,
No the last nor the least yin was "Tammas" himsel',
Wi' a soul that wad scorn tae dae ony yin ill,
And a heart aye as open's his guid sneezin' mill,
And a face that had aye on the same cheery smile,
And a kind word for a', the wark gaun on the while;
Wi' a frame that wi' health and wi' vigour was blest,
He could pit in an inseam and walt wi' the best.
And when yince oot the shop frae douce Tam gaed a pair,
They seldom cam' back for a twalmonth and mair.
Frae ten mile up the water, the farmers wad rin
Tae get their feet measured for stout wearin' shoon.
And the "cork" had tae promise, afore they gaed back,
That "Tam" and nae ither wad get them tae mak'.
For they a' had a notion what wark he could dae,
As he sat in the corner thrang peggin' away.

Tho' a snuffer, he's no like a lot ye ha'e seen, If he tak's a guid nosefu' he keeps himsel' clean, Losh! I min' when a laddie no intae my teens, O' a wee bit subscription 'mang Tammas's freens, Tae present him a snuff-box baith bonnie and guid, Wi' a full-riggit "souter" at wark on the lid. 'Twas a mark o' respect that was unco weel ta'en, And 'twas a' pay'd in snuffs ere a twalmonth had gane. Nae step-bairns made he, a' that cam' had a claim, Be they "Tory" or "Whig," they'd their snuff a' the same. Frae the far awa' corner where he had his seat, Like a half strippet statesman, he led the debate; A mair straucht-forrit "Liberal" scarce could ye fin', And min' yer stops "Tories," if Tammas was in. Tho' he ne'er had a vote, that says o' him nae harm, Since an ass gets a vote when he rents a bit farm; And sae far as Tam's fitness or knowledge's concerned. He's forgotten as much as the maist o' them learned; And if I'm no far cheated we'll sune see the day, If we keep like douce Tammas, aye peggin' away.

In helpin' puir neebours he's oft dune a spell,
He's relieved mair distress in the Clachan himsel',
Wi' his ain hamely wark, in his ain hamely way,
Than a' their fine gentles wi' a' their display;
The strong yins hae thanked him in nae stinted terms,

The weak yins hae blest him and dee't in his airms; And tae auld residenters the "Board" wadna own, He never was sweer't wi' his tea and his scone. Some folk's on the earth ye could lead in a string, But Tam ne'er was counted as any sic thing—

Nae sweet-lippit "sook" bowin' doun tae big men, Nor a "hing-by-the-belly," like plenty I ken,

The life o' a "lick-the-dirt" ne'er was designed

For a man o' his courage and clearness o' mind;

For the laird, or the big wigs he caredna a strae,

He'd a mind, and could speak it, when peggin' away.

But the last time I saw him, I noticed owre weel,
He the winter o' life was beginnin' tae feel,
His back was less straught and his step was less bauld,
A' his frame bore the marks o' a man growin' auld;
For his hair was turned grey, and his eye seemed mair dim,
Time sune tells on us a', it was tellin' on him.
All unblest by the smiles o' prosperity here,
He moves quaitly alang in his ain humble sphere,
Contented tae labour, and earn what he can,
A hardworkin', honest, intelligent man;
And the prayer of my heart is—"God bless him the day,
Lang may he be spared tae keep peggin' away."

### Mec Peggy Mair.

Ye Yes Yes Peggy was yin o' oor auld Clachan folk,

A guid sturdy chip off a guid hardy stock,

And if she was lackin' some inches in length,

She was braid as a door, and nae chicken for strength;

A hard-workin', weel-dain' cratur', I'm shair,

Wi' the speerit o' fifty was wee Peggy Mair.

Tae turn up her yard aye the first tae begin,
Wi' a wee worn-oot spade like an overgrown spin,
Aye the first yin tae notice the spuds did they fail,
Aye the first in the Clachan for sybos and kail.
Her weel-keepit gairden she never was oot,
Aye delvin' and howin' and scrapin' aboot,
But she watched like a hawk when we callans were there,
For there's nane could grow grossets like wee Peggy Mair.

Frae the muckle "Mains" plantin' she ne'er was awa', She could trail as much sticks as a cuddy could draw, No a preen did she care what the factor micht say, And she'd "shines" wi' the roadman maist every day. Nae fears o' her stoppin' when yince she began, She could han'le an axe or a saw like a man; Her backdoor tae a woodyard ye weel micht compare, Sic a queer stock o' timber had Wee Peggy Mair.

Noucht she cared for yer dainties, yer satin and silk, Gie her guid hame-spun cleedin', and parritch and milk; Nae, sweet lips had Peggy, as a' folks can tell, And if she had jeely, she made it hersel'.

If a rabbit or hare was broucht in by the cat, In a jiffy 'twas skinn'd, and put into the pat; And a better cook never put fit on a flair, Or put haun' on a spurtle, than Wee Peggy Mair.

Peggie aye was weel-liket by ilka bit wean,
Tho' she never had ony bit bairns o' her ain,
She ne'er said a word tho' we row'd on her green,
Or pu'ed oor kale stocks in her yaird at Hal'e'en.
And she ne'er was the body tae yawmer or froun,
If we pay'd her a visit when Ne'ar-Day cam' roun';
And tho' stoup-fu's of water micht droun us elsewhere,
We aye got oor Ne'ar-Day frae Wee Peggy Mair.

I ha'e min' when Rab Black—he'd got nae doot a guess— Put her cat in the meal-barrel, ahint the big press; Sair, sair, did she wunner where pussy had gane,
And a' that forenicht she sat a' her lane,
A strange kind o' mewin' aye cam tae her ear,
Tho' she fleeched, flate, and grat, nae cat ever cam' near;
Fifty times did she gang tae the door crying—"Cheet!"
Fifty times she the yaird look'd, but never could see't.

And aye she wad hirple, and wide the door fling,
And aye she wad wunner what ail'd the puir thing;
Or, losin' her temper, get on a thrawn face,
And bang the door tae, as she thoucht, in its face:
Till some neebours cam' in, wha had heard o' the joke,
And very sune let the puir cat oot the poke;
They lifted the lid aff the meal-barrel, and there
Was the cause o' the mischief tae Wee Peggy Mair.

But Peggy, the body, she's fast wearin' doun,
It tak's her a hale day tae gang tae the toun;
No a meenit she waited tae rest or tae crack,
For, losh me! "that leg" keeps her awfully back:
Tho' the flesh may be weakly, the spirit's aye there,
Nae chicken-heart ever had wee Peggy Mair.

### Jamie, the Cleek.

And never was fear'd a lang story tae tell;
And wi' fun and guid nature keep up the splore,
He could keep the hale shop for a day in a roar.

Nae maitter hoo lee-like the stories he made,
There were plenty believed every word that he said,
To the truth of the awfu'est "whud" he'd ha'e sworn,
Wi' a face near as lang as the day and the morn,
Till ye'd ha'e thoucht it had been on the stretch for a week,
For a thunnerin' splore he was, Jamie, the Cleek.

The Cleek was a "genius" in mair ways than yin,

Never saw I his match at a spurtle or spin,

Or at makin' or mendin' a basket or creel,

Or settin' a win'-mill or wee water-wheel;

And for toy-things and playucks, he made them sae queer,

Tho' a "snob," he was liker a bred engineer,

And there never was whussels could tootle and squeak,

Like the whussels the bairns got frae Jamie, the Cleek.

Cam' an auld Captain yince (sae they styled him at least), Wha had got a bit stroke o' the sun in the East, As a Scotchman, he lauded their bravery much, No a nation on earth could half fecht wi' the Scotch: "A' stuff," replied Jamie, "they're jist in the road, It's oor blackguards at hame that mak' sogers abroad." "Tis false," roar'd the Captain, wha's monkey was up, "Retract, or by Jingo! I'll whip you, ye 'pup;' Where will ye on earth, sir, for better men seek?" "At the cross in Kilmarnock," quo' Jamie, the Cleek.

Jamie made for the door, no a second owre sune,
Where the Captain a "last" in a jiffy gar't spin:
Ye may talk aboot battles, and fechtin', and war,
But the Cleek, or I'm cheated, that day got a scaur;
Had he no ta'en leg-bail for't, and that tae wi' speed,
The Captain had sune put the fun oot his heid.
Face the Captain he daurna for nearly a week,
"Twas a fricht he kept min' o', did Jamie, the Cleek.

Ae nicht last October, when hairstin' was dune, Douce Sawney the Miller cam' daunnerin' in, Ye could hear his teeth chatter, he scarcely could crawl, He was starvin' tae death baith wi' hunger and caul': Up he gaed tae the fire tae warm himsel' there,
But the Cleek quaitly slippit the seat frae the chair—
Sawney made tae sit doun, he had aft did the same,
But for want o' the bottom, stuck fast in the frame;
At the awfu' mishap lauched ilk yin' in the place,
Except Jamie, wha put on a fourteen-inch face,
And speir'd what on earth we were lauchin' aboot,
And then ran owre tae Sawney and helpit him oot.
He pitied him sairly, and much for him felt,
Remarkin' that plenty wi' less had been kill't.
Sawney swore us for lauchin', as sune's he could speak,
But he ne'er said ye did it tae Jamie, the Cleek.

### John Donald.

That in ilka bit Clachan like midges appear;
Born and bred 'boot the place, or up by at Burnhead,
His descent he could trace for some twa hunner 'ear.

Sic a memory—there ne'er was the like o't—his heid Was cramm'd fu' o' stories and auld farrent rhymes; Nor was he the least sweer't tae gie ye a screed, Though sairly he stuttered and stammered at times.

A' the names o' the big wigs for centuries gane,

Lang afore his great granny or your yin was born;

Where the auld castle stood on the brae at Dalgain,

Hoo the name o' the parish was changed unto "Sorn."

A' the signs o' the sky he could read ye aff plain,
At the rise o' the moon, or the set of the sun:
This sign wad be sunshine, that sign wad be rain,
Oh! we ne'er had a wathergless equal tae John.

Nae early bird was he, wha rose wi' the lark,
In the mornin' he liket his canny bit lie;
Like the Fair o' Kirkos'ald, aft was his day's wark
Awfu' lang o' beginnin', and unco sune by.

Tho' his claes were auld-fashioned, he caredna for that,
But tae kirk gaed each Sabbath, as shure's it cam roun',
No a spittle he minded the style o' his hat,
Or his swallow-tailed coat, be it ever sae broun.

Wi' an awfu' strong stamach—nae chicken tae feed, He leeved on nae deaf-nits the neebours can tell; It was haggis and tatties, and haggis and breid, And siccan a haggis—he made it himsel'...

Nae schoolmaister ere could tak' John by the nose, He could write like a lawyer, and count wi' the best; At a' pleughin'-matches, park-lettin's and shows, As a clerk, he was always in urgent request.

Tho' a lang time 'tis noo, still I min' o' it weel,

He'd a grup in his stamack that bothered him sair,

Till some auld wives cam' roun' and prescribet a peel,

But John's peel-takin' turned oot nae canny affair.

Tho' the first peel he'd ta'en, he did nae coaxin' need,
Glad tae try oucht ava that micht bring him some ease;
But tae swallow it never yince entered his heid,
And, kennin' nae better, he chewed it like cheese.

The taste o't was awfu', the smell o't was waur,
And, losh! had ye seen hoo it stuck to his teeth;
Till his mooth ye'd ha'e thoucht had been coated wi' tar,
And his tongue was like leather abune and beneath.

A' doses he tried—sugar, treacle, and jam—
But oot o' his mouth he the taste couldna get;
And sic a like sicht as he was when he cam'
Tae the door ilka wee while tae spew or tae spit.

He washed, cleaned, and scrapit that teeth for an hour,

Till his mouth was sae sair that he scarcely could speak;

The disease micht be bad, but 'twas noucht tae the cure,

He didna get rid o' the taste for a week.

But he's passed frae amang us, and noo that he's gane, I'm no gaun tae say that he never did wrang; For the puirest o' mortals has aye some bit stain, And ony bit spot we keep min' o' for lang.

Yet wi' a' John's bit failings, this muckle we ken,

He had aye a leal honest Scotch heart in his breast;

And for yin' ye'll get better, ye'll maybe get ten

That's a hantle sicht waur, sae we'll e'en let him rest.

#### Jamie Cadoo.

There was waur in the Clachan than Jamie Cadoo; He had been far and near, and seen mony strange scenes Frae the day he had 'listed, a boy in his teens.

Weeks and months at a time he had lain on the main, He had crossed the line twice, and recrossed it again; Knee-deep in the snow-drift he duty had done, And been scorched by the rays of an Indian sun; And when passed were the years he had 'listed to serve, They drafted him home to the Army Reserve.

And the man who had been to the limits of earth, Took his home up yince mair in the place of his birth, Sat him down in his auld seat tae hammer and sew, The same canny, kind-hearted Jamie Cadoo.

Then all praise to the sogers who volunteer thus, To stand up as an earthwork 'twixt danger and us, Their share o' the comforts of life are but licht,
At the gunstane their nose is frae mornin' tae nicht.
Flogged to-day at the whim of some great soulless sot,
And to-morrow led forth to be sabred or shot.
What reck they for broken-hearts, sorrow, or grief,
So long's it puts stars on some shallow-brained Chief;
And stern-eyed discipline brooks no delay,
No matter who blunders, the men must obey,
And none was more ready to show himself true,
Than our own hardy shoemaker, Jamie Cadoo.

But a' folks ha'e their ain fau'ts, and Jamie had yin',
Which tae mony a queer-enough scrape led him in.
Ae mornin' last summer, as hameward he cam',
It gar'd him believe there was ice on the dam;
In his ain estimation, it raised him a lump
When he stood and shook hands at the cross wi' the pump.
Each term that cam' on, he'd his pension tae lift,
And, waes me! it aft put him sairly adrift,
He'd been twenty-times better withoot it I think,
For the maist o't was spent on his auld freens in drink;
And a jollier company never sat doun
In the "Loudon" big room, when the pension cam' roun'.
Nae maitter how hard-up at hame they micht be,

They had a' their bit hauf-yin's tae get and tae gie;
Each man on the table his share had tae throw,
It maittered na whether he drank it or no,
He could tak' it or want it, whate'er he thought best,
If he didna, it jist left the mair for the rest.
This auld rule Jamie never was ken't tae fa' through,
Nae strait-fisted cratur' was Jamie Cadoo.

When the cauld win's o' Autumn blew piercin' and chill, Cam' his wife doun tae tell us that Jamie was ill, And the puir body lookit sae sair doun o' win', For wi' a' his bit touts, he had ne'er been sae dune. Though he look'd, when we saw him, sair piket and queer, We never suspected that death was sae near: Though we kent it took something tae gar him complain, Twa days' rest, we thoucht, wad recruit him again; And his en', when it cam', was a sair blow tae a', For in less than a fortnicht he slippit awa', And the same grassy vale where his first breath he drew, Received in its cauld bosom—Jamie Cadoo.

And the week after Ne'ar-Day, when Red Tam cam' in, Tae get a bit trifle o' cobblin' dune, He asked for us a', in his ain canny way, And no seein' Jamie, speir'd—"Who's he the day?" 'Twas a meenit ere ony yin' ventured tae speak, When the "Cleek" answered softly, a tear on his cheek, Which showed even he had a heart and could feel— "Tam, we're a' 'boot oor or'ner, and Jamie, he's weel." Tam gied a bit chuckle, sae wise-like and queer. He thought that the "Cleek" by his "weel" meant the beer, Quo' he-"He'll be still on the batter, nae doot, "Ne'ar-Day wadna be Ne'ar-Day without a blaw-oot." "Na, na," said the "Cleek," as he let fa' a tear, "Nae blaw-oot, I'm thinkin', had Jamie th' 'ear, Nae mair yer bit toothfu', Tam, you'll wi' him ha'e, For he's deid, man—we buried him three months the day." "What!-Deid!" echoed Tam, "dae ye tell me he's gane?" And the auld body grat like a vera bit wean; For though whiles at a pension-time Jamie got fu', There was waur folk Tam kent o', than Jamie Cadoo.

#### Jean and Geordie.

ULD GEORDIE'S weary journey here is unco nearly dune,
I wish we a' were hauf sae near oor happy hame abune:
He's put a glint o' heaven's light in mony a deeing e'e,
And cleared awa the gloom o' nicht that made it sair tae dee.
Tae tread this weary warld through, it's lang since he began,
And hamely, happy Geordie's noo an auld, auld man.

Twa blyther bodies better pair'd, the warld never knew,
Than Geordie wi' his kail-yard, and Granny wi' her coo.
Contentedly and patiently their summons hame they bide,
Within their humble dwelling by the wimplin' burn-side.
Life's brae they've speiled up hand in hand, past the allotted span,
An auld, auld woman, and an auld, auld man.

A lesson noo we a' micht tak' aff this kind hamely twa,
It's no the auldest, frailest folk, that's slippit first awa';
But, oh, we're thouchtless things, I doot—o' death, the gruesome chiel,

We never even think about as lang as we are weel. We're no sae guid as we micht be, we don't dae a' we can, And, oh, it's few wha leeve tae dee an auld, auld man.

# Sawney the Miller.

Keeps grun'in' awa' on the edge o' the water,

Afore even the "souters" tae wark got beginnin',

Owre the brae like a beagle douce Sawney cam' rinnin'.

But 'twas a' yin hoo sune he micht come in the mornin',

'Twas aye long after dark ere he dreamed of returnin';

Though he had na much sense, and had seldom much siller,

He was owre wise than work for it, Sawney the Miller.

Sawney's meals were but bites, he got mony a coarse yin',
If his labour was little, he eat in proportion;
As sma' as a spin'le, lang-leggit and narrow,
A' the grub that he got wadna fattened a sparaow:
And sae thin were the duds atween him and the weather,
'Twas a wunner tae a' how he stickit thegither.
A guid crack wi' the "souters" was far afore siller,
And a weel-informed man he was, Sawney the Miller.

When his sicht on an object he happened tae settle, His look was as glee'd as the stroop o' a kettle, Ae e'e frae the ither had cut a' connection,
He look'd life in the face frae a double direction;
Yet in spite o' it a', he was awfu' conceity,
He sent presents tae Janet, and letters tae Katie,
In his ain estimation a fair lady-killer,
A born and bred beauty was Sawney the Miller.

Yet a' notions o' marriage as nonsense he hooted,
Though the young lassies roasted him sairly about it,
'Deed they a' were alike, up frae gran'-wean tae granny,
Continually rinnin' the "rig" upon Sawney.
Yet though sair they imposed on the bein's guid natur',
O' the feminine gender he wasna a hater,
Gi'e him yin wi' some "tin" he had sune buckled till her,
Nae thick-heid, I'm thinking, was Sawney the Miller.

O' the writin's o' Burns he had sic a fu' heid o',
Ony yin o' his rhymes he could gi'en ye a screed o',
And wi' siccan a flourish and flee as he gied them,
When he mounted the chair in the corner tae read them,
Sic readin', guid guide us! as I am a sinner,
Waur than sawin' sticks far, aye, or trampin' a shinner;
His voice for recitin' was oucht but a thriller,
If a man was ere Burns daft, 'twas Sawney the Miller.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

-00; **U**; 00-

#### In Sorn Churchyard.

#### LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SISTER'S GRAVE.

"There is no flock, however watched or tended, But one dead lamb is there; There is no fireside howsoe'er defended, But has one vacant chair.

In those great cloisters, stillness and seclusion, By guardian angels led, Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution, She lives, whom we call dead."—Longfellow.

H! hallowed haunts of infancy, I'm with you once again,

Endeared by memory's often-stretched but never-severed chain;

Endeared by all the ties of youth, of home, and friends so dear,
That bind the scenes of early years to memory strangely clear.
The old Ayr with its ceaseless tide, the quiet old Churchyard
green,

Like life and death on either side, with the old highway between;

Thy narrow bridge where oft I've stood on Sabbath morns gone by, And heard the old bell pealing forth its heavenly melody; Obedient to its holy call they came from far and wide— Along the road, across the bridge, and down the water-side; All to the old familiar church, that hallowed house of prayer: Familiar still seems many a face that came to worship there— Familiar still one form I see, one voice methinks I hear, Though the form is far away from me, the voice seems wondrous near:

The form is thine, Rosanna, 'tis thy spirit on the wing, And the voice is thine, Rosanna, singing where the angels sing.

Around are ranged grim records of earth's long-forgotten dead, Of fair and lovely blossoms that have long been withered; Each moss-grown stone a token of adversity's stern blast, Of blighted hopes, of blasted joys, all buried in the past; Grim trophies of Death's dusky hand in all around I see, We, living, show what they have been, they, dead, what we will be; And all around the withered leaves are scattered far and near, To mark to men's uncertain minds the progress of the year. Around my heart their yellow forms a hallowed fancy weaves, Of all the withered hopes that lie beneath those withered leaves, While dimly through its shadows flit a form to memory dear, And a still small voice's heavenly tones ring in my raptured ear;

The form is thine, Rosanna, 'tis thy spirit on the wing, And the voice is thine, Rosanna, singing where the angels sing.

I linger by a grassy mound beside an old grey stone,
Of all the spots on this wide earth, I love this spot alone.
When last I stood beside this stone no grassy mound was there,
Around were heaped fresh earth and mould, the dust of forms that
were:

A mournful few stood silent round a dear one's narrow bed,
As we consigned to earth her form to moulder, cold and dead.
No voice nor sound disturbed the air, no pomp nor gaudy show,
That dull October afternoon, a few short years ago.
Oh! what a fitting time to leave this 'wildering world of ours,
When all with Nature joins to grieve her faded fields and flowers,
When off to unknown solitudes her choristers take wing,
And a dreary stillness haunts the woods where they were wont to
sing.

Her heavy trials all were born with Christian meekness through, Her cheerfulness 'midst all her ills, made us feel cheerful too; Her form, fair as a flower, we watched for many a weary day, Till Death, like Winter, came and snatched our pretty flower away—Then all in that dear home of ours turned strangely dull and cold, As if stern fate across our path a great black cloud had rolled;

Yet often when the sun shines bright through that dark cloud, I see

An angel's form in heavenly white intently watching me.

The glorious chaplet of the King is sparkling on that brow,

And the heavenly tones of that heavenly voice I'm hearing even

now—

The form is thine, Rosanna, 'tis thy spirit on the wing, And the voice is thine, Rosanna, singing where the angels sing.

Though the funeral pageant of a king be dazzling to the eye, Dead are the dead to everything, no matter where they lie; Grim Gothic piles, and vaulted aisles, no soothing balm e'er brings, The pomp and state of abbeys great are all vain-glorious things: What boots all this strange pageantry when in the narrow cell? Oh! for the solemn quiet that marks a village funeral. No gilded trappings mock the sun, the very air is still, All feel God's hand, and meekly stand submissive to His will. Thus, when beneath this weary sun my pilgrimage is o'er, Give me a place by this old stone, I ask, and wish no more: Here will I find the quiet that soothes far more than mortal tones, Here find the fittest resting-place to lay my weary bones; Here life's dull, fettering mortal coil my soul aside will fling, And immortal find what mortal lost, away where angels sing.

## The Song of Beath.

COME, and the children's mirth is hushed, And a gloom like the night creeps on, For the fairest of hopes are bruised and crushed, And the light in that home has gone. I spare not the maid in her beautiful bloom, Nor the man in his martial glow, Though a despot, I come as a friend to some, While to others I come a foe; And many a poor frail bruised thing, Whom the world has afflicted sore, Like a chicken I've taken beneath my wing, Where no one dare harm it more. My harvest I gather from far and wide, In garret and turretted dome, · And the peer finds a place by the pauper's side-I lay them down as they come. And though thousands strong I can count my throngThe cry is still they come!

Come! come! come!

I have always a place for some;

The journey is short, and the path is clear,

And there never came one but was welcome here,

So be not afraid to come.

Since sin in the world at first began, My gates I have closed to none; Let them come as they can—child, woman, or man— I receive them every one. I reck not the throbs of the bursting heart, Or the sorrow of them that mourn; For is it not written that "dust thou art, And to dust thou shalt return?" And a man may boast of his strength and skill, And exhibit his power of limb, Yet boast as he will, he will find I'm still Patiently waiting for him. And though swift as a dart his bark may skim O'er the waves of the boundless foam, Like a demon grim I pounce on him, Ten thousand miles from home. And though stern my call

None dare refuse to come,

Come! come! come!

I am always in search for some,
the morning bright, in the soft twilight

In the morning bright, in the soft twilight, In the sombre shades of the silent night, Or the noontide's bustle and hum.

On some may fall,

By the churchyard gate I have placed in wait The grey-eyed old sexton grim, And the sombrous knell of the funeral bell Has a musical sound to him. His hair is crisp, and short, and thick, And is tinged like the graveyard mould, And the glance of his eye is keen and quick, For a being so withered and old: Of the countless forms in the churchyard laid, Where no marble or stone appears, He can point out each grave and the time it was made, For the most of a hundred years. But the warmest heart must in time grow cold, And the merriest voice grow dumb; And the sexton old in his own loved mould, At last finds his own long home.

- While the years roll on,
As in ages gone,
And for ages yet to come—
Come! come! come!
Each day must I call upon some:
It may be soon, or it may be late—
To a young mind teeming with projects great,
Or an old mind chilled and numb.

#### Et might habe been.

How the heart beats time to the rising sun!

And the bright smoke curls from a thousand homes,
Yet what of it all when all is done?

Though pure as the light was the world God made,
Came the trail of sin like a blight between,
And man hath bedimmed it with many a shade
Where his glorious sunshine might have been.

Though the great vast globe burst forth in bloom,

Though the fairest day, though the fairest scene,

Some sin-darkened souls find cause for gloom,

Some fair hopes crushed that might have been;

Oh, how strangely uncertain since time began

Is this mystic, mysterious creature—Man!

How the poor frail thing, all unworthy the name,
Oft down to the dust will his manhood fling,
And degrade and detract from his God-like frame,
At the beck or the whim of an imbecile king.
Yet what of it all, though a king in his kind,
Or a sage, or a bard, that has wrote and sung,
To the boundless research of whose great, vast mind
Have the gates of the future been open flung.
For his great mind sinks 'mid its projects great,
That in after times through the world had thrill'd,
With a lifetime of labour incomplete,
And a glorious mission unfulfilled.
It might have been, had he but lived on,
Is the wail of the world when the great are gone.

Or the sombre night may have sunk and found Some poor souls wailing o'er tasks undone, Who heard not the voice when the cry went round,
And the golden hour passed slowly on,
And awakened them not in their blinded sleep.
They had laid them down, and wrapped them round,
And buried their talents firm and deep
In the fruitless depths of the untilled ground.
With the health and the strength they were well supplied,
And the means wherewith to have borne them through,
But the ways of the world were so broad and wide,
And its joys were wondrous tempting too;
And the low, sad sigh, when the end has come,
Shows the dearth of sheaves they have gathered home.

#### The Sunset Hour.

OW sweet's the sombre sunset hour when all the world's in bloom,

When through the trees the wayward breeze comes loaded with perfume;

When visions of the lost and loved creeps o'er my wearied brain, And all my being's strangely moved with new-born hopes again. O canopy of canopies, the glorious golden west, When dull'd is nature's dreamy eyes, and sinks the world to rest, O for some mystic master's hand, with all his matchless power, To paint in all its glories grand, a Summer Sunset Hour.

How sweet's the sombre sunset hour 'neath Autumn's golden glow, When through the woods the wayward wind moans plaintively and low;

When traces of a coming blight portentous clouds the scene,
And in the west a ruddy light shows where the sun has been.
When days grow short, and nights grow long, and song-birds cease
to sing,

And haste away, a pilgrim throng, to grace some other Spring; O that some high-soul'd poet king would at my wish appear, And tune this poor lone heart to sing the Sunset of the Year.

O sunset of life's pilgrimage, would we could prize thee more, Last scene of all on life's weird stage, how dark the shadows lower; What ghosts, that all those years have slept, come creeping one by one,

Each broken vow we might have kept, each deed we might have done.

Across my sight in constant stream they pass in grim review, O what a countless host they seem against a meagre few, And still they swell, and still they come, and still they grow in power,

Till round my life is deeper gloom than midnight's darkest hour.

O man! the fairest noontide's bloom marks not the longest day,
On countless forms has closed the tomb that never knew decay;
Unheralded, oft the dusky blight has shown his crushing power,
And turned their glowing noon to night with no life's sunset hour.
O hapless earth, sin-bruised and sore, can nothing cleanse the stain,
And wreath thy sunny vales once more in Eden's bliss again?
O for some power that could impress upon the hearts of all,
The gloriousness of man's first bliss, the greatness of his fall.

### The Angel Enn.

The head of the street where the three roads meet,
Stands a building square and strong,
"Tis the old town's pride, and from far and wide
It's been known and frequented long;
Not the new-built church has a grander porch,
Nor its bells a richer tone.

Fair, fair, fair,
Smiles the white angel over it there,
But, oh! is it a place
For an angel's face
When the traffic of night comes on?

Weakly and wearily here they come,
Hungered—but not to be fed,
A Babel of voices for gin and rum,
But never a cry for bread.
Not even a groat has the baker got
All the night in his store hard by.
No, no, no,
"Twould be lost were they spending it so;
In each want-shrunk frame
Burns a quenchless flame
Whose cravings they dare not deny.

Oh! what a glow lights that once wan cheek,
Hark! to the low muffled hum,
Of voices so weak that they scarce can speak
Through the fumes of gin and rum.
Into the till with heart and will
Their hard-earned wage they fling.

Vain, vain,
Are the spectral pleasures they gain,
As they jostle and crowd,
Or, delirious and loud,
They dance, and they laugh, and they sing.

Oh! was it the form of a baby, I ask,

That I saw through the doorway press't?

Hug, hugging away, what a hopeless task,

At a worse than milkless breast.

Oh! my brain grows wild as I think of the child,

For the clock has long struck ten.

Sip, sip, sip,

Goes the cup to the womanless lip,

Till the wreck is complete,

And they haste to the street

Oh, Heaven! can this be a suitable place
For an innocent babe to go?
Or can love form a part of the womanless heart
That would bring up her offspring so?
Or, with wondering eye, can we question why
Our prisons so well are filled?

With fiends in the forms of men.

Where, where, where,
Is the mother's affection and care,
That would poison its breath
With the essence of death,
At the portals of ruin distilled?

What a weird, wild shout, as the lights go out,
Is raised by the boisterous throng,
As the broad doors close amid pushes and blows,
As they hurry and stagger along.
Each woman and man doing all that they can
To deepen the terrible din.

Hark! hark! hark!

To that groan that is heard in the dark,

For a hand has been raised,

And a soul has been chased

From the world with its load of sin.

Here comes the form of the poor crushed worm,
Picked up from the mud of the street;
What an awful wreck, yet it fails to check
Those thousands of hurrying feet.
Ended in strife is his aimless life,
Murdered at midnight grim.

Dead! dead! dead!

Is all that will ever be said,

As the shadowy sweep

Of eternity's deep

Covers all that remaineth of him.

#### The Sabbath Mornin' Disitor.

RIM Death cam' up oor stair th' day afore the bells began,
And ere he turned tae gang away, he laid his clammy haun'
On her, the hamely neebour wife, that leeved the ither en',
And laid her in his windin' sheet afore the clock struck ten.

Naebody noticed comin' up, his visage cauld and grim, Naebody heard his stealthy step, though hauf expectin' him; Nor did he dunner at the door tae speir if he'd get ben, Tae lay her in her windin' sheet afore the clock struck ten.

For, oh! but he's a daurin' loon, noucht cares he, wood or stone, Though every window's snibbit doun', and Chubb and check is on, He's aye a way o' gettin' in—nae human being's ken—

Tae lay folk in their windin' sheet afore the clock strikes ten.

Puir bairns, ye noo may rant and rin, her hamely haun' nae mair Will ope' the door, as aft she's dune, tae cry ye up the stair: Ye've much this day tae think aboot, the want ye sune will ken, O' her that's in her windin' sheet afore the clock struck ten.

Last Sabbath when at dinner time ye a' were sittin' doun, Did ony think that ae short week sic changes wad bring roun'? That she, wha'd watched yer wayward feet, wad, ere it cam' again, Be lying in her windin' sheet afore the clock struck ten.

But don't despair, though sad and sair the blow may fa' on you, There's noucht o' grief or sorrow where yer mither's gane tae noo. She isna lost, ye'll see her yet, if you yer lives weel spen', When Death's dark e'e is on ye set afore the clock strikes ten.

And come he will, the fairest hearth and brightest hopes tae dim, No a' the gems o' a' the earth wad bribe an 'our frae him; He never speirs at ony yin' hoo he may come, or when, Tae lay folk in their windin' sheet afore the clock strikes ten.

And yet we look but licht on him, for a' oor boasted po'er, Oor brightest e'e may dull and dim, and a' within an 'our: This day may bring but sunshine wi't, the next, for a' we ken, May lay us in oor windin' sheet afore the clock strikes ten.

#### The Motherless Bome.

"When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quicksighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, and even looks of unkindness which may have escaped in our intercourse with them."—Heber.

When the fairest and dearest have parted from earth; When the dusky destroyer his dark deed hath done, And the light in that homestead for ever is gone. Others bearing the name may appear on the scene, But they never can be what a mother has been; In those heaven-blest accents what tenderness teems, Yet, addressed to a stranger, how hollow it seems; A veil of sad byegones keep wrapping them round, They serve but as probes to keep open the wound; E'en the thought of their presence adds depth to the gloom They were meant to dispel in the Motherless Home.

Ah! how swift came the change and how 'whelming its power, All the hopes of their being destroyed in an hour; In those orbs that are dim, in those lips that are cold, Was a fountain of life-giving pathos untold: Oft a look of those eyes, and a tone of that voice,
Hath changed sadness to gladness, and sorrows to joys;
Hath changed hot tears of woe into bright smiles of mirth,
Till that home seemed an outpost of Heaven on earth;
All around and above seemed so cloudless and clear,
But, alas! for the joys of mortality here,
When life's light beams the brightest, the dark cloud will come,
And how deep is its gloom in the Motherless Home.

Through the vista of years that are numbered and gone,
The whole scenes of a lifetime come crowding in one;
Each morning of gladness, each ev'ning of pain,
Keep alternately coursing through vision and brain;
While each unkindly look, and each angry word,
And each thought that could neither be seen or heard,
Come as clear to the mind as when newly express't,
And add gall to the wounds in each grief-stricken breast,
Buried deep in their sorrow—cold, tearless, and dumb—
Dead to all but the dead in the Motherless Home.

'Gainst the walls of their conscience, a finger unseen
Paints a thousand life pictures of what should have been;
With a thousand vows made, which they failed to fulfil,
Death duns not his debtors, unpaid are they still;

For an ocean of tears and a whole world's prayer,
Could not waken the dust that is slumbering there,
Nor could stay for a moment that cold clayey form
From the withering fangs of the "Conqueror Worm;"
For but lightly they reck in the damp and dark loam,
Of the joys and the pride of the Motherless Home.

Left alone to the world's dread reality grim,
Cast adrift on life's ocean to sink or to swim,
Where fashion and folly with each other vie,
To bewilder the senses and dazzle the eye;
Till on towards the maelstrom all heedless they're whirled,
And they barter their birthrights for things of the world,
And the bright light of home is bedimmed and obscure,
Then, God of the fatherless, friend of the poor,
Leave not those poor weaklings to battle alone;
Keep a watch o'er the sheep when the shepherd is gone;
Let the lamp of Thy love through life's eventide gloom,
Shine a light to their feet in the Motherless Home.

## God Bless my Bonnie Bairn.

HE wintry day is wearin' oot, the nicht is creepin' in,

As past the brands of toil I put, anither day's work dune;

The weary mile I ha'e to go gi'es me but licht concern,

'Tis happiness itself tae know, there waits my bonnie bairn.

God bless my bonnie bairn!

The wee rogue kens my vera fi't when on the laighmost stair,
He kicks and spurls, and winna sit anither meenit mair:
My canny chap upon the door he took na long tae learn,
The threshold o'er, I clasp once more my ain wee lauchin' bairn.

God bless my bonnie bairn!

As on my knee at tea he sits, his wee gub gapes for a',

For every chew his mither gets the rogue maun ha'e his twa;

Till on the flair—o' crusts and crumbs—he's raised a perfect cairn,

Nae blin'-man's e'en, when tea-time comes, could watch my steerin'
bairn.

God bless my bonnie bairn!

See, there's yer poshie noo, my pet—was ever sic a wean?
Though scarce a twalmonth's owre ye yet, ye want tae sup yer lane!
Ye'd mak' yer claes an awfu' mess, there's time enouch tae learn,
Though aulder heids aft aim at less than that, ye droll wee bairn!

God bless my bonnie bairn!

Doun on the flair he heaves the spin, what can the laddie mean?

Losh! dis he min' the rascal yin the nicht afore yestreen,

That gied him sic an awfu' dose, he looks sae sour and stern,

He goos and spits, and thraws his nose, the wee auld-farrant wean.

God bless my bonnie bairn!

Set bye the bowl and come away, yer wee kite's crackin' fou',
And yer mither's something else tae dae than caper there wi' you—
The supper dishes yet tae wash, and a' thae claes tae airn!
She's keepit in a constant fash wi' her wee steerin' bairn.

God bless my bonnie bairn!

And noo ye'll tumble aff my hat, and rug and rive my hair,
And pu' my whiskers—oh! ye brat—losh! that was awfu' sair;
Ye've chewed the threed a' aff the pirn, and fankled a' the yairn,
And noo tae grup the gas ye'll girn—ye dear, wee, thouchtless bairn.

God bless my bonnie bairn!

Dear me! what ails him at his snoot?—frae side tae side it goes, Till it seems tae be, without a dou't, an india rubber nose! Doun creep his lids, till no a peep o' blue can we discern— Owre gangs his heid, and fast asleep is oor wee guileless bairn.

God bless my bonnie bairn!

Sae come and tak' away the wean, he's soun' as soun' can be, Fauld down the bed and lay him in, for dear's my bairn tae me: When Death, the dusky spoiler fleet, o'ertakes us stark and stern, O may we sleep as heavenly sweet as this wee wearied bairn.

God bless my bonnie bairn!

Sae let this be oor prayer the nicht, as tae oor beds we gae— We dinna dae the things that's richt, nor leeve sae weel's we may; Tae dae the works that Heaven would should mair oor thoughts concern,

For great maun be that God, and good, wha gied sae braw a bairn. God bless the bonnie bairn!

### Found on the Street.

Winning, and guileless, and fair,
Brighter than morning, her eyes pearly blue,
Softer than sunshine her hair.

How my heart yearned for the poor hapless thing, Love thrilled my soul with its power;

Far from the city's wild clamour and ring, Bore I my beautiful flower.

Close to my heart how I guarded its bloom, And watched it with miserly care;

Blessed was my dwelling, nor shadow nor gloom Ever found entrance there.

Clear was my life then as summer morn's dew, Darker than night is it now—

O for that golden-haired baby of two, And O for that innocent brow!

Walking the streets with my flower in her teens, None half so happy as I;

Charms she possessed might been envied by queens, Proud though their bearing, and high. And what were they better than she? did they deem
Earth had sullied her more with its stains?

Was her image less God's? or less purer the stream
That coursed through her beautiful veins?

What reck'd I then though her lineage and birth
Was deep in obscurity roll'd?

Prouder I felt than the proudest of earth
Robed in their crimson and gold.

Light was my life with that fair form in view,
Darker than death is it now—
O for that dewy-eyed blossom of two,
And O for that innocent brow!

Gone to the street in her life's golden hour,
Lured by an aimless unrest,
Nature again reasserting a power
That love had not wholly suppress't.
Gone to the street from position and state,
All my life's labour in vain;
Years could not shatter the fetters of fate,
Love could not lessen the stain.
She whom I worshipped far more than my God,
Crushed, like my day-dreams, to be:
Life—what a weary and burdensome load!
Earth—what a chaos to me!

Dark was my path ere my bud burst to view,
Dreary and dark is it now—
O for that sunny-haired baby of two,
And O for that innocent brow!

Found on the street after searching and pain, Shorn of her sunshine and glow-Oh, and her lips, as I pressed them again, Were colder by far than the snow. Dead !---yet a smile lit her visage so sweet, Even her clay had its charms! Tenderly lifting her form from the street, I bore it away in my arms. Round us life's human tide hurrying sped, Each on to its destiny hurled, Wholly regardless of living or dead-O what a feelingless world! Fairer than morn was the face I first knew, Blighted and bruised was it now-O for that sunny-haired blossom of two. And O for that innocent brow! .

Searching the streets is a grey-haired old man, Red-eyed with lunacy's flame, Long years have passed since his journey began, Time-worn and spent is his frame. Wearily, wistfully, wandering vain, Grief-stricken, footsore, and bow'd, Battered and drenched by the pitiless rain, Jostled and pushed by the crowd. Searching the streets when their lights have grown dim, And their crowds of humanity gone; Searching through dark lanes and passages grim, Wistfully wandering on, Still to the ear comes the half-muttered moan, Though but a whisper 'tis now-O for the bloom that for ever is gone, And O for that innocent brow!

#### Cone Before.

#### WILLIAM SLOSS DIED 12th JANUARY, 1876.

"A wail was heard around the bed—the deathbed of the young."

—Mrs. Hemans.

ULL down the blinds, lest noonday's light should from our sorrows win us,

For deeper than the darkest night is the gloom that reigns within us.

Let no bright beams illume that face, which soon the grave will cover,

For dark must be that resting-place when all of life is over.

Yes, all is past !—the weary cares and toils of life are ended—

The powers of death have claimed as theirs what we so fondly tended.

All past !—the flickering hopes and fears, the doubting and the longing,

That round our hearts those parted years conflictingly kept thronging.

Bright shone the rays of that young light the short hour that it lasted,

But doubly dark seems now the night since all those hopes are blasted—

Only the bitter dregs of life remain for us to swallow—

'Mid all this change, would it seem strange if we should wish to follow?

No relic of a single hope seems in the future left us,

'Mong rocks and shoals we blindly grope, heedless how fate may drift us.

No ray seems from its folds to come to cheer life's lonely calling, Around our home a dusky gloom seems falling, falling!

On each glad byegone of the past we sadly sit and ponder, Heedless how soon beneath the blast we, like him, may go under. How shadowy now life's pathway seems that we alone must 'wander. [asunder.

Since all those hopes, like childhood's dreams, are rudely reft Vain all those hours of weary toil, of striving and heart-burning; Vain all that waste of midnight oil far on into the morning; The vain unrest that racked his breast, the longing and the

The vain unrest that racked his breast, the longing and the yearning,

The poreing looks o'er time-worn books, in search of bootless learning, [sleeping,

No time to look to Nature's needs, though all around were A whole life spent in sowing seeds that promised such a reaping, The constant stress to mind and brain, the closeness and seclusion, Came all with far too great a strain on his weak constitution.

Vain all those hopes that we in him for years have been reposing, Against the time when twilight dim would o'er our lives be closing; No single ray seems now to come to cheer life's lonely calling— A gathering gloom around our home seems falling, falling, falling,

But wherefore strive we thus with fate? why all this seemless sorrow?

Or why God's plans anticipate preparing for the morrow?

Why should we question Him the right to gladden or bereave us

Who gives, and when He deigns to smite, takes only what He gave us?

O God, above! look down in love, and pardon all this weakness, And nerve our hearts to bear our parts with all becoming meekness.

His arm is ever strong to save when dangers dark hang o'er us— Hope still beams bright beyond the grave, where he has gone before us.

'Tis not in wrath God chasteneth, 'tis of our faith to prove us—
All on through life, even in death, He ceases not to love us;
And such a love was His for man, He gave His dearest for us,
Even Christ, His own anointed Son, the patient Man of Sorrows.
From Him, our never-failing Friend, when earthly friends are
parted—

[hearted—
Who will the righteous cause defend of the poor and lowly-

Not even Death will move our faith, with all his fears appalling, When round life's bark night shadows dark are falling, falling, falling!

#### Shunted for the Mail.

You brakesmen have a nasty job, there's no denying that—A moment's pause, a sudden slip, when coupling off or on,
And once within that iron grip there's little mercy shown.

If times were bad of which you speak they now are even more,
Tom Jones got crushed the other week, and Brown not long before;
There's scarce a day goes past but some get badly hurt or killed,
So common have such things become our hearts are fairly chilled,
But time and years have failed to throw their dusky, sombre veil,
O'er that which happened long ago when Jackson drove the Mail.

Swift o'er my head a score of years since then have passed away, Yet to my mind the scene appears as clear as yesterday; Such scenes, engraved once on the heart, can never know decay, Though forced we are to act life's part however far away: Though many a truly saddening sight my memory can recall, The scenes of that long byegone night can far o'ershadow all.

'Twas when we ran the Midland "goods" from College to Carlisle, In fancy still my memory broods on every well-known mile That nightly we went bowling o'er to reach fair Carron vale, Where usually we shunted for the passing of the Mail.

Jack Gordon was our brakesman then, he well his part could act, No doubt we've had some able men, but very few like Jack; He was such a steady, careful lad, so cautious I may say, That oft for months we never had even a break-away; His eye was sharp, his brain was clear, no duty would he shrink, A readier-handed brakesman ne'er put hand on hook or link, And many a time when waiting on the shunters to complete The marshalling of our train, his van was such a quiet retreat, Where twenty times he would relate that everlasting tale How one named Kate would nightly wait our shunting for the Mail.

And, as we started, oft he would impress upon my mind
The lecturing I was in for should I reach that place behind,
For there she patiently would wait by evening's shadows dim,
Half-hid beyond the garden gate, but never hid to him.
What little time we had he spent with Kate to laugh and nod,
While we into the siding went or shunted through the road;
There at the shrine of love he paid those vows he kept so well—
How much he loved that gentle maid is more than I can tell?

But time rolled on as we bowled on, and ere the leaves grew pale, Jack won a heart, but lost his own, when shunting for the Mail.

Oh! what a blessed halo bright around their beings shone,
As neared the time that would unite their paths through life in one;
Each hour that chased each hour along seemed joy succeeding joy,
No whisper seemed to breathe of wrong nor tinge of earth's alloy;
But Time as on he held his course soon burst the pleasing spell,
And o'er her life with fearful force an awful shadow fell.
But such is life, the cup we think all gladness to the brim,
Is poisoned even as we drink, and so it was with him;
Unseen, unfelt by all, a blight wound round us like a veil,
Far blacker than the blackest night, when shunting for the Mail.

Just ere she passed us through the gloom I saw, or seemed to see, A something like a shadow come between her lights and me—My God! was that a man, I said, and quickly made my way
To where a form all pale and dead right in the four-foot lay.
The horrors of that awful night I still in fancy feel,
There lay poor Jack, a ghastly sight, crushed by the grinding wheel.
I brushed from off his brow the hair by blood and ashes stained,
Of all the life that once was there no single spark remained:
His blood was scattered o'er the track, on sleeper, chair, and rail—Those eyes of Kate's so dazzled Jack he had not seen the Mail.

#### Catrine:

#### THE QUEEN OF WESTERN VILLAGES.

Ye. ET our fancy take flight from the city to-night,

From the buzz of the mart and the loom,

Leaving labour and care, while we breathe the pure air

That is loaded with Summer's perfume.

And how bright is the way, when the sweet flowers of May

Have been washed in the soft Summer rain—

Oh! a glint of the woods with their blossoms and buds,

Sets my boyhood's blood coursing again

With a vigour anew, at the prospect in view,

Though a heart of fourscore's in my breast—

For though grey-haired, forsooth, we'll regain our lost youth,

In the beautiful Queen of the West.

Then hurrah for the Queen of the West,
We'll away to the beautiful West;
For though grey-haired, forsooth, we'll regain our lost youth,
In the beautiful vales of the West.

w. .

Though the sights of the town to the untutored clown

May seem striking, and wondrous fair,

Where each shop-boy he sees seems in wealth to the knees,

And each merchant's a proud millionaire.

He no beauty discerns in the bubbling burns, Nor sweetness in blossoming flowers,

Yet this poor heedless, blind, thankless son of his kind Has got pleasures that never were ours.

We may live as we please, enjoy comfort and ease, Eat and drink of the choicest and best,

But a fig for your wealth, give me vigour and health, And a home in the beautiful West.

Oh, where is there beauty deserving the name That a city life ever reveals,

Or what charm's in a pavement scorched hot as a flame,
And a moisture conveyed upon wheels?

Though each walk-studded garden and blooming parterre, In our midst may seem pretty to see,

Still a walk by the Ayr, when all nature is fair,
Is a thousand times sweeter to me.

For a counterfeit charm seems to hang round their bowers, With their blossoms from other lands dress't,

And they never had flowers with the sweetness of ours, In the beautiful vales of the West. Hand and hand we'll away and again climb the brae,
And look down on the Bleachfield and Mill,
On the old stairs and church where in life's morning march,
We gambolled and frolicked at will.
Still as fresh and as green is the gowan-decked scene,
As it bloomed in our earlier days,
And what counted we then on a trip to "Brig-en',"
With its primrose and buttercup braes;
Never thinking of home, or that night was to come,
Till the sun disappeared to his rest,

Oh! the flower-studded dens—oh! the vales and the glens,
Of the beautiful Queen of the West.

Not a beech nor a thorn 'twixt the "Howford" and "Sorn," Not a bush nor a bank but we knew,

And the wild woods rung out to our clear ringing shout, And re-echoed our piercing halloo.

Even now can we feel how a plunge in the "Weil," Washed the sorrow and care from our brow, And our track for a day when bird-nesting away,

Would be toil for a week to us now.

Till the slow solemn knell of the ten o'clock bell, Sent each boy like a bird to his nest,

And an angel guard kept faithful watch while we slept, O'er our homes in the beautiful West. And when shades like the night seem to sink on our sight,
Let us strive on as well as we may,
Though the path as we creep may have many a steep,
That in boyhood had never a brae;
And when closing the strife and our burden of life,
We no longer are able to bear,
After all has been spent we will be well content,
If they find us a resting-place there,—
To be lovingly laid, oh! how blissful the thought,
With the forms of our fathers to rest,
From life's turmoil remote in some quiet grassy spot,
In the "Old Chapel Brae" in the West.

Then away to the Queen of the West, We'll away to the beautiful West, With our fathers to sleep in the solitude deep, Of the "Old Chapel Brae" in the West.

### Sorn Race.

HE first Sorn Race I e'er was at, I still can min' it weel,

It cheers my heart the thocht o't yet, and mak's me
younger feel;

And weel the clachan callans kent that this day was in store;
No ae broon bawbee had we spent for mony a day before.

And time seemed swear't tae slip away—no yin o' us was richt;
We couldna eat oor meat by day, nor tak' oor sleep at nicht;
We smiled, and sae did aulder fules, and wore a cheery face,
Instead o' gangin tae the schules we'd a' gang tae the Race.

Sae aff at length we leggit tae't, oor stock o' cash tae ware,
And when we landed in the street an awfu' crood was there—
Some had already pree'd the stuff that gars ye gape and spew;
Some yins were roarin' toom enough, and some were roarin' fou.
Twa chaps were stripped tae the buff, and at it on the green,
And aye they took a canny cuff at ane anither's een.
I couldna see that ony sport or fun was in the case—
A pair o' black een's no the sort tae gang and see a race.

And when the schule-clock hauns drew near the magic 'our o' twa, Oot cam' the ancient Halberdier, the Committee and a';



"Wee Jamie," lookin' lairge as life, wi' swallow-tail and lum,
"Co," threshin' at it wi' the fife, and "Blackey" wi' the drum;
And foremost 'mong the ither folk wha followed up the hill,
Was "Moleman Miles" and "Hedger Jock" and hamely "Butcher
Will,"

And burly "Farmer Rab" sae big, and mony a weel-kenn't face, A' makin' for the "Timmer Brig," tae see the famous Race.

The horses were a'body's talk—some five were entered in,
The first o' which could scarcely walk, the next yin couldna rin,
The third was no like yin wad fag, but then 'twas nearly blin',
The fourth yin was a sorry nag—a bag o' banes and skin;
The fifth, though like a racin' beast, rode by a pigman chiel',
Wad no dae oucht but jump and reist, and caper through the fiel'.
A mair unlikely lookin' set could hardly shown their face;
Yet oot the five 'twas thocht we'd get a fairish kind o' Race.

When tae the scratch at length they cam', nae time ava was lost— Tae start them "Blackey" beat the drum, while "Jamie" stood the post.

And sic a race ye ne'er did see, though yin and a' did feats—
For oot the five auld horses we had hauf-a-dizzen heats—
Sic riders, tae, they widna need tae been the least thing frail—
Some tumbled owre their horse's heid and some fell owre the tail;



Ae horse dang owre a sweetie stan' erected near the place—
"Twas liker eatin' beans and bran than rinnin' at a Race.

Back tae the toun we a' cam' doun, as sune's the race was by,
Where, though the nicht was queer and wat, some folks were
queer and dry;

And siccan horrid stuff's they sell't for drink that afternin, 'Twad gar'd a vera grunstane melt, and burn'd a hole in whin. Yet some sae quick their cash did spen'—while rows got unca rife, That thrippence wad that nicht ere ten ha'e almost saved a life; And even when next day was come it didna men' the case—
It took till that day week wi' some tae finish up the Race.

#### The Old Familiar Home.

HAD a dream—a weird, wild dream—I thought that I was old,
That fourscore years had o'er my head in quick succession
roll'd.

'Twas Christmas Eve, the world was deck'd in regal robes of snow, Which sparkled like some fairy realm 'neath the pale moon's silvery glow; I heard the village children sing a merry Christmas lay; I, sighing, said, "Would I were half as innocent as they." They brought back visions of my youth, where oft I used to roam Around that sweet and hallowed spot, that Old Familiar Home.

I heard the distant village clock ring out a solemn chime, Which told me I'd done nought through life but misspent precious time;

Old age had come, and on my head had heaped a load of years,
And down my pale and hollow cheeks roll'd fast the scalding tears.
Enslaved by the dark demon's power, my days were passed in vain—
"Oh, would to heaven," I moaning cried, "that I were young again."

Alas! in youth's bright morn I thought old age would never come, When roaming round that hallowed spot, that Old Familiar Home.

Once more I seized the demon cup, once more I grasped the bowl, To drown in dark oblivion's depths the frenzy of my soul; The draught re-kindled in my breast a flame of wild despair, I moaned, and raved, and rushed about, and tore my silvery hair; Till reason lit my soul again, and grief o'erwhelmed and bow'd, I sat down by the cheerless hearth and wept both long and loud; All, all my hopes had vanished like the billow's seething foam, Hopes cherished in that hallowed spot, that Old Familiar Home.

I called to mind those friends of youth whose forms had long sincegone,

Into the gloom that hid the past, and left me all alone;
The last frail flickering hope had fled, gone was its final gleam,
When suddenly I woke and found it all a transient dream.
I saw the brilliant summer sun shine through the window pane,
And found myself, oh! happy change, a blooming boy again;
And that same morn no mansion fair with high and stately dome,
Seemed fairer than that hallowed spot, that Old Familiar Home.

### Hallen:

The N night her dark mantle o'er Nature had spread,
And the world in oblivion lay sleeping,
And the sentinel stars on their outposts o'erhead
Their long weary vigils were keeping;

From a dark wynd where death and disease ever lags
Among beings you scarce could call human,
There reels forth a form in a bundle of rags,
More a phantom by far than a woman.

Through street, lane, and alley she takes her lone way,
Of adversity's blast a grim token;
A form that in youth was both graceful and gay,
Now battered and blighted and broken.

On, ever on, move those wandering feet,
All aimless and purposeless seeming;
On, ever on, with an unceasing beat,
Like some flitting spectre half dreaming.

No dear ones to whisper a kind word of love,

All alone her deep shame she must smother,

While the bright mocking lights in the casements above

Are extinguished one after another.

Away from the city she taketh her flight,

The gaslights behind her grow dimmer,

And the broad river's form, thro' the clear starry night,

In the distance doth luringly glimmer.

Of hope in her breast there is left not a spark,
While the tempter's voice whispers "Forsake it;
At the worst it is only a leap in the dark—
Nay, you cannot be blamed if you take it."

The good angel pleads, but the tempter doth scoff—
"Free yourself when you can from such sorrow,
'Enough for the day is the evil thereof,'
"Tis a fool that prepares for the morrow."

She reaches the bank, and the waters shine clear,
Half doubting, she seemeth to hover,
But the tempter's voice whispers again in her ear—
"One bold plunge, and then all will be over."

In fancy she sees her betrayer so proud,
And a dream of the future comes o'er her;
Behind her she sees the world's stern jeering crowd,
While eternity calm lies before her.

Only a short moment she stars on the brink
To gaze on the swift rolling river,
Ere she takes the wild leap, and life's last binding link
From that frail form is severed for ever.

While far in a cottage by ivy o'ergrown,
When the dews of that midnight were falling,
A fond prayer is breathed for a long absent one—
They call her, but vain is their calling.

For night her dark mantle o'er Nature has spread, And the world in oblivion lies sleeping, And the sentinel stars o'er the face of the dead Their long weary vigils are keeping.

## The Baunted Bay:

AN ALPHABETICAL LEGEND.



LL day long, while storm and billow surged and dashed with ceaseless roar,

B usy watching, weary waiting sat a maiden by the shore.

C easing never, gazing ever, wistfully across the main,

D ead to all but those dear features she would never see again.

E vening comes and throws her mantle over earth, and sea, and sky;

F rom their haunts among the breakers comes the sea-bird's eerie cry.

G reat gaunt shadows, green-eyed monsters, round about her come and go;

H oarsely howling in the darkness, heedless of the maiden's woe.

I n the night-time comes a vision—once again she sees his form, J auntily his bark approaches, riding proudly on the storm.

K ind and loving words he utters in her eager, listening ear, L ong and lovingly he lingers, but, alas! he comes not near.

- "M ay I come—oh! take me with you," moans the maiden, "to your home;"
- "N ay," he answers, soft and sadly, "press me not, you cannot come;
- "O nly spirits dwell with spirits, in the mist-lands where we dwell;
- P ast the border realms of mortal, thither must I haste—farewell!"
- "Q uit me not—oh! leave me never," cries the maid, with anguished brow;
- "Round my head death's sombre shadows seem to gather even now."

- S eaward goes his bark—she follows far and farther from the shore,
- T ill in morning mists she vanished, and was seen on earth no more.
- U nderneath the jutting ledges, 'mong the reefs and rocks around, V ainly sought the boatmen for her, but the maid was never found.
- When the dusky powers of darkness o'er the bay their shadows fling,
- X ebec-like a boat sails nightly, with a phantom following.
- Y ears have passed since all this happened, yet the boatmen to this day
- Z ealous are in warning strangers how they cross the Haunted Bay.

## Be Good, True, and Brabe.

Toiling on laboriously,
Brands from the burning fires of crime,
To life restoring gloriously.
Call the lowliest friend and neighbour—
All alike your fellowmen—
Till you, by your noble labour,
Make your single talent ten:
With a quiet and pure behaviour,
Leaving love for buffets rude;
Like your blessed Lord and Saviour
Doing good.

Pilgrim on the world's high road,
Struggling on with bravery,
Though on your soul life's sin-bound load
May press akin to slavery.
Onward, upward, striving, yearning,
Dead to earth and all its show;
Right nor left, nor backward turning,
Stout and steadfast onward go.

Though athwart your path, portentous Clouds of doubt may dim the view, Forward, fearless, conscientious, Stern and true.

Soldier on the field of life

Fight the good fight valiantly,
Doubt will but prolong the strife,
Faithful, end it brilliantly.

Though the world may brand you stranger,
Turn their backs in scorn at you,
Fear ye nought, though fraught with danger
Seems the vale you're going through.

Sing aloud your song of glory,
High your bloodless banner wave,
Like them who have fought before you,
True and brave.

Worker, pilgrim, soldier, all,

Tear this veil of mystery,

That callous minds would now let fall

Upon our sacred history.

Canst thou forget those sainted dead,

Who kept their trust unfailingly;

And must their blood, so freely shed,
Be so shed unavailingly?

No! by the rights our fathers bought us,
For the which their lives they paid,
By the sacred truths they taught us,
Facing faggots undismayed.

Bowing to no worldling's folly,
Through the fire they fearless trod

Keeping pure, intact, the holy

Word of God.

### The Auld Laird's Peid.

HE Auld Laird is deid and gane—a change has come owre a'—
A dark 'our 'twas for ilk bit wean the day he gaed awa'.
A cloud hangs owre each brae and knoll where we thegither ran,
Nae neuk's noo in the "Quarry Hole" tae hide the bousey-man;
Nae bogles dance abune the "Linn" tae fill oor minds wi' dreed—
The vera burn seems wimplin', "The Auld Laird's Deid."

The lassies a' sae kind and douce are frae the auld place gane—
New forms and faces fill the hoose we used tae count oor ain.
Nae mair we'll hear a cheerfu' voice, or weel-ken't welcome cry—
"Awa' ye go, you Clachan boys, and fetch us hame the kye."
Anither crummy fills the sta' where "Brooney" use tae feed—
A coo we dinna ken ava'—the Auld Laird's Deid.

Nae mair at nicht, when schulin's dune, we'll a' gang up the brae, And roun' the place gang rummagin', and muckle mischief dae; Nae mair we'll tak' a canny turn alang the cooslip braes, Or gang stravagin' doun the burn tae gather nits and slaes; Or rin aboot, and rant and play abune the quarry heid, Or mak' sae free's we used tae dae—the Auld Laird's Deid.

The Auld Laird is deid and gane—a change has come owre a'—
A dark day 'twas tae ilk bit wean when he was ta'en awa'.
Waes me! my heart it overpo'ers—my vera een grows dim—
Tae think on a' the happy 'ours we spent alang wi' him.
Nae mair he'll keep a Sabbath Schule for bairns tae sing and read—
He's covered wi' the clammy mool—the Auld Laird's Deid.

### Resignation.

Sitting here silent and lonely,
Seeing naught but her face in our dreams,
Hearing naught but her gentle voice only.
Our life's aspirations all fled,
Earth's fairest scenes aimless and hollow—
We live, keeping kin with the dead,
A life fraught with longings to follow
Her, who of our life was the light,
Of our beings the hope and the glory,
Who withered away in a night,
Like the gourd in the beautiful story.

To our loved one away o'er the foam,
O God! be of comfort the giver,
As he dreams of that far away home,
Where she sleeps by the murmuring river.
Resign him, O God! to thy will,
And help him to bear his cross meekly—
For great is Thy love for us still,
Which will temper the wind to the weakly.

When she who of life was the light,
Of our beings the hope and the glory,
Has withered away in a night,
Like the gourd in the beautiful story.

When life's sunny sky is o'ercast
With clouds that are brimful of sorrow,
O help us to bury the past,
And with eager eyes watch for the morrow—
For the new and the nobler birth,
When from our weak souls will be riven
All the fetters that bound us to earth,
And we take up our dwellings in heaven
With her who of life was the light,
Of our beings the hope and the glory—
Who withered away in a night,
Like the gourd in the beautiful story.

### Heaven Bless my Pairnics.

H! Heaven bless my bairnies—my bonnie winsome twa,
And gi'e them strength tae bear the ills o' life that may
befa'—

Douce Davy, wi' his wee white face, gaun slippin' oot and in, And Janet, rantin' roun' the hoose, and makin' sic' a din—Pushin' chairs across the flair, racin' but-and-ben,
There ne'er was sic' a steerin' brat as oor wee Jen.

Losh! what an awfu' daud was that—has puir wee Davy fa'en?

Na! Jen, the loon, has thrown him doun, and hurt his sair wee haun'.

Ben she comes, as quait's a moose, a tear-drap in her e'e, Lays her wee heid in my lap, and this she says tae me—
"I'll kiss my haun' tae Davy, Ma, and never dae't again; No want tae gang tae Bolton Street tae be a raggit wean."

Though I strip them o' their duds as sune's the gas is licht,
No a single wink o' sleep they seem tae want at nicht—
Rantin' up and down the bed, cuttin' capers droll,
Carryin' pillows on their backs and cryin' "Wha's for coal."

"Cuddle doun, ye rogues," I say, "see, it's after ten"— But, oh, its needless talkin' tae a clip like oor wee Jen.

Oh! Heaven bless my bairnies—my bonnie winsome twa,
And gi'e them strength tae bear the ills o' life that may befa'.
Guide her bit steps, the hearty thing that races here and there,
And help alang the puir wee man that hirples through the flair—
Oh! grant he lang may slip aboot, and ease him o' his pains—
For dark wad be the warld without our twa wee winsome weans.

### A Disit to a Poet.

[ALEXANDER G. MURDOCH, Author of "The Laird's Lykewake," and other Poems, &c., &c.]

E cauld nicht in November last—a Monday 'twas, I min' it rarely—

I'd lowsed my shoon and put them past, and down tae supper settled fairly—

Quo' I, "Gies owre the Friend, gudewife,"—each week I never fail tae read it—

·But, for the first time in her life, oor Jean my order little heedit;

- And lookin' owre, my blinkers fell—oh! shades o' petticoats and mutches—
- There she the wished-for *Friend* itsel', sat readin' like some high-born Duchess.
- Fine ken't I then I'd lost my "read"—I neither bribet, bann'd, nor coax'd her—
- For if no intae't owre the heid, she was at least up tae the oxter.
- I'm no the man tae stir up strife, or like some daft fules jump and vapour—
- I jist said "Mind the rule, gudewife, read oot or hand me owre the paper!"
- "Ay, that I will," she then spak oot, "for here's a book o' poems, Willie,
- They're wrote by him ye've heard aboot, wha won the 'Medal' at 'Auld Killie,'
- We must have yin o' them on haun'—he writes some things save queer and kittle—
- For sic' a book frae sic' a man, losh! eighteenpence is awfu' little.
- We're no jist rich, yet, by my sang, there's plenty puirer in this big toon,"
- Sae 'twas arranged that I should gang some day or ither aff tae Brigtoon.
- Weel, ae day no lang after that, when our auld waggity had chappit The 'our o' twal, I got my hat, and owre across the toun I stappit.

The fog was bad when I gaed oot, yet still my way I mann'd tae pick thro't—

But when I got the "Jail" aboot ye scarcely could ha'e ramm'd a stick thro't.

A Glesca' fog is nae wee joke aboot the back en' o' November,

My faith, it tak's the fun oot folk—it gie's them something tae remember;

A kintra loon wad thraw his face if he was gettin' but ae waff o't;

And every week in Glesca' has some seven hale days and a-hauf o't.

Ye're maybe sayin' this is yin—but no, I'm no a haun' for leein',

Though where the odd hauf day comes in, the awfu' fog prevents us seein'.

Weel, when I reached the "Cross," my braith was frozen to my vera whisker,

Losh me! 'twas turnin' dark as daith, and little chance o't gettin' brisker;

Each meenit it was growin' waur, till, faith, ye scarcely could get breathin',

Think's I, I'll wait and tak' a car—in sic a day a penny's naethin'. We hadna lang tae wait upon't—me and some ither car-gaun bodies—

When up cam' yin wi' three beasts in't, wi' tails like kye and heids like cuddies.

I jumpit on—was knockit aff—and landed face first in the syvor—

- O' twa things I was shair enough—the car was fou, sae was the driver.
- Though a queer stoun gaed through my frame, nae banes were broken, guid be thankit;
- And though I was a wee thing lame, I there and then resolved tae shank it.
- And shank't accordingly I did, and wasna lang about it aither,
- And, faith, it turned oot jist as guid—I got the better o' them raither—
- For when the first cross street I reached, there was jist what I had expectit—
- Intae a van the car had pitched, which had a' but completely wrecked it. [solace—
- The sicht tae me, ye needna doot, was something mair than common Ae wife was cryin' "Let me oot," anither shoutin' "Where's the Police?"
- Nae helpin' haun' they got frae me—I gloried in their tribulation; I leggit on, and in a wee got safely tae my destination.
- O' Brigtoon I had heard aboot, frae folk wha lang had leeved within it,
- But deuce a "Cross" could I mak' oot that day, though sair I tried tae fin' it.
- Nae signs o' "Pate and Tam" I saw, whase fame a' Scotland has heard tell o',

- The fog had put the hat on a', and veiled frae sicht the "Umberella."
- As weel's I could I tried tae pick my way, 'twas mair by guess than seein',
- Till something gied my shins a kick—guid gracious! 'twas a human bein'—
- A red-nosed lounger, thick and broad, wha wi' the "blues" had some connection,
- I speir'd him for the "London Road"—"It's there"—he spat in the direction.
- A lazier trick I never ken't—he ne'er as much as edged his haun' tae't—
- Hooever, owre that way I went and sune discovered what I wantit, No twenty yairds I'd gane—when, stop—here was I standin' richt afore it—
- A weel-stocked book and paper shop—the name o' MURDOCH printed o'er it;
- I turned the handle and stept in, a chiel was 'yout the counter staunin',
- Quo' I, "I want a book, jist yin—ay, that's the thing ye've put yer haun' on."
- Oot frae my purse my "tin" I took, and on the counter doun did throw it, [Poet?"
- And as he parcell'd up the book, quo' I, "My man, are ye the

- He keekit up and glowered sae queer, richt in my face his look he planted;
- He seemed as if he'd liked tae speir whether it micht be news I wanted;
- Quo' he, "I'm whiles sae ca'd, but yet, I'll be content wi' sma'er mercies—
- A poet's nae wee name tae get for writin' twa three reel-rall verses."
- "Yer haun'," quo' I, "gosh! man, I'm gled I've been sae fortunate as see ye,
- O' a' the Doric bards I've read, there's nane could haud a cannel tae ye.
- The wreath is twined for such as you—a truer poet never wore it—
- A bard that sings as ye can do will never need tae canvass for it.
- Lang may ye leeve tae soar and swell wi' a' the powers the gods ha'e sent ye,
- For though I sing a bit mysel'—guid kens, I'm unca far ahint ye.
- My pipe is but a crackit yin—scarce heard aboon the big toon's bustle—
- Compared tae your great organ's din, 'twad be like some bit penny whustle."
- He speir'd my name, when it I gied, he cam' in min' o't in a meenit;
- A notion got intae his heid, some place or ither he had seen it.

O' some sma piece o' my puir stock, he praises in my ear kept bummin', comin'. My word! thocht I, if I'd a crock, depend upon't there's butter But sune I had tae change my thocht—nae man was he tae lay the grease on— He wasna yin tae fancy oucht, unless he had substantial reason. Wi' guid firm sterlin' common sense and pawkie humour he was packit; [crackit. Though a' ootside the fog was dense, nae fog got near us where we Till in cam' yin, a pleasant man, wi' manners modest, quait, and sober-[tober." I introduced was there an' than to an auld Friend bard, "Dalin-And there we stood, a hearty crew, I'd langer stood had I ha'en leisure; pleasure. I never felt the time gang through wi' hauf the speed or third the We keepit up an endless speir—question and answer followed [quickly. thickly: We baith were unca gled tae hear his new book was gaun aff sae But say "guid day" we had through time, and after we'd shook haun's and pairted, Thinks I, I'll pit it down in rhyme, and tae the People's Friend I'll airt it. [toon Sae here it is, ye'r welcome tae't, and while I'm stayin' in the big

I'll no be frichted tae repeat my visit tae the Bard o' Brigtoon.

# SONGS AND LYRICS.

### Remember the Poor.

EMEMBER the poor in this season of gladness,

How few are the pleasures of life they enjoy;

Many homes could ye free from all sorrow and sadness

With the trifles which daily ye waste and destroy.

Remember the poor, with what anguished heart-burning

They are striving to keep Want's grim wolf from the door;

Long, long is the lane that ne'er has a turning,

The rich of to-day may to-morrow be poor.

Remember the poor, &c.

Oh! who would not pity those poor homeless creatures,
Whose locks by the night-winds are matted and curled?
When the least of your good things would lighten their features.
With smiles that the rich could not give for a world.

From your competent portion the meagrest token
Will a witness on high in your favour secure;
What a kind word can do to the heart nearly broken
A stale crust can do to the famishing poor.
Remember the poor, &c.

Let not the bright blaze of prosperity blind you,

Lest your Master return and that blindness behold,
And finding neglected the which he designed you,

Give unto another the talents you hold.

Was it for such a purpose those talents were given,

In the coffers of men to lie buried obscure?

No! brightest and best of your treasures in heaven

Are those ye least valued—your gifts to the poor.

Remember the poor, &c.

Cast your bread on the waters, it will not for ever
Lie barren and wasted, though hid from your view;
The thanks of the grey-haired will gladden the giver
Far more than a world's hoarded dollars could do;
And when chilled by the frosts of life's dreary December,
And the grim shaft of death has sped speedy and sure,
The good God of Love will not fail to remember,
And ten-fold repay what you gave to the poor.

Remember the poor, &c.

### The Meakest must go to the Mall.

N this wide world of ours, with its sunshine and showers,
Every day brings its smiles and its tears;
And an unforeseen blight oft destroys in a night
All the fruits of our labours for years.
And the cup of success we strove hard to possess,
Is dashed down, after costing us all;
For the strong force of might daily rides o'er the right,
And the weakest must go to the wall.

Humankind is a strange, fickle creature of change,
Full of self to a woeful degree,
Never deigning to heed his poor brother in need,
Though sore burdened with troubles he be.
'Tis no matter to him whose home-light may burn dim,
If his own hearth burn bright, it is all:
Not a single kind word can he even afford
For the weaklings who've gone to the wall.

In life's bustle and stir sudden changes occur, Rather sudden for many, I fear; And the dull-minded blade, who mismanaged the trade,
As a rule, steers himself pretty clear;
Should it come to the worst, 'tis his creditors first
That must bear the whole weight of his fall;
And the poor trader rash, who invested his cash,
Is quickly consigned to the wall.

We are happy to-day, we are well on our way,

Free, so far, from the crush and the press,

From earth's pinnacles proud we gaze down on the crowd,

But we should not regard them the less;

Ever keeping our flight at a moderate height,

Lest our golden wings fail, and we fall;

For the world counts but light on the once favoured wight,

Whose own folly has brought to the wall.

Should our pathway through life with earth's good things be rife—
Should our bread and our water seem sure,
We should give from our store to those worn and heartsore,
Whose misfortune it is to be poor.
For our own day may come, with a force and a gloom,
That may shadow the lives of us all,
When the fight must be fought, gold availeth us naught,
And the weakest must go to the wall.

### Et might habe been.

Is locked in the depths of its vast unseen;
"Tis the poor man's wail, 'tis the rich man's dream—
It might have been! oh, it might have been!
"Tis a dirge that is sung o'er a time long dead,
When a thousand hopes were fresh and green,
From the depths of the far-off sunless shade,
Where the glorious sunshine might have been.

#### Chorus-

It might have been! what a boundless theme
Is locked in the depths of its vast unseen;
'Tis the poor man's wail, 'tis the rich man's dream—
It might have been! oh, it might have been!

By the thoughtless words of a thoughtless tongue, Expressed in a thoughtless unguarded hour, Have the fairest of hopes been crushed and flung To the heartless world like a wasted flower. While the hard, cold heart courses on full swing,
Untouched and unmoved through each changing so
And the light burns out in the poor bruised thing—
It might have been! oh, it might have been!

It might have been that a gilded crown

Had encircled the brow of the peerless gem,

Or its matchless bloom, now seared and brown,

Might have lustre lent to a diadem.

But, alas! for those day-dreams great and grand,

All strewn like the leaves in an autumn scene;

Oh! had she not gone to the unseen land,

It might have been! oh, it might have been!

It might have been! with a love less tried,
And a mind more strong to have helped it through
But the ways of the world were broad and wide,
And its joys were wondrous tempting too.
Thus the world rolls on in a great broad stream,
Till lost in the gloom of the vast unseen;
With the same sad wail, and the same weird dream,
It might have been! oh, it might have been!

### Rich and Poor.

Where the banner of freedom's unfurled,

And for justice and right is held forth as a light

To the rest of the civilized world;

Yet the best of our laws has its "upper ten's" clause,

And our justice, so boasted as pure,

Has a soft velvet switch for the backs of the rich,

And a double sharp scourge for the poor.

In life's strange ups and downs, 'tis the man with the "browns'
Who's respected, and honoured in style;
"Tis a private affair how his money came there,
Or whose purse may be paying the while;
"Tis the rule of life still, let him view it who will,
And each day serves to show it more sure,
"Tis a crime to be rash with another man's cash,
But a far greater crime to be poor.

For the poor man's small debt, every ring you must get,
Though his whole house be turned to the door,
But the rich cannot fail, as his law of entail
Only gives you so much and no more;

Thus the poor man is served, while the rich are preserved,
Undisturbed in their mansions secure,
If he ever gives brass, 'tis to help his own class,
While the poor man gets helping the poor.

And I cannot but think how religion must wink
At the strange things her votaries do,
As she lauds without stint some big-bellied saint,
Who has will'd her a thousand or two.
How the money was got never costs her a thought,
So long as she gets it secure,
Though the starving wife's curse may be locked in the purse,
With the wail of the famishing poor.

Living fat on the spoil of another man's toil,

With his purple and raiment so fine,

With the uppermost perch in the city's best church,

And a bearing held almost divine,

With no thought in his mind for his less favoured kind

Or the hardships they daily endure—

But the cup which he sips may yet pass from his lips,

And God help him should he become poor.

### Mouthfuls of Gin.

IRST we behold him in youth's martial pride, Launching his bark on the world's seething tide; Fashion arises and beckons him nigh, Comely and fair to his curious eye. Lured from his track by the smiles of the world, Into the maelstrom he's speedily whirled; Into the dark paths of Satan and sin, Bright hopes exchanging for mouthfuls of gin.

Into the whisky shop, see, he has gone, Buying a spirit that ne'er was his own; Into the haunts that the virtuous shun, Health, soul, and body, all sinking in one. Comely forms wait there to deepen the spell, Men's daughters acting as agents of hell; the cold arms of Satan and sin,

Senses exchanging for mouthfuls of gin.

Out to the streets again, look at him reel, Seized with a malady nothing can heal; Down from the summits of reason's heights hurled, Treading the shortest way out of the world;

Ending with his own hand the short era given, Heedless of earth and regardless of heaven; Wrapt in the mantle of Satan and sin, Selling salvation for mouthfuls of gin.

### Mhuppin' the Cat.

Y'M a journeyman tailor, my name is Tam Broon,

No a skin-and-bane crater like them in the toon;

It's a quite easy maitter accountin' for that,

For I'm aft in the kintra whuppin' the cat.

Before that I started the needles tae draw,

I'd ha'e made a guid ramrod, I aye was sae sma';

But I'm noo quite a bailie, big-bellied and fat,

It's the way tae pit beef on ye, whuppin' the cat.

#### Chorus-

Oh, what a fine business is whuppin' the cat, A richt jolly guid job it is whuppin' the cat; If yer wantin' a bat that'll soon mak' ye fat, Get a start frae a tailor at whuppin' the cat. I min' jist a week e'er I gaed tae the trade,

For my photograph aff tae the city I gaed;

But a' they could mak' o' me when I gaed there,

Was a muckle black stroke up the back o' the chair.

"Bless my heart!" quo' the body, "this fairly cows a',

Div ye ever pit oucht in yer stamack ava?

Yer the first pair o' tangs e'er before me yet sat"—

Faith, he'd glower could he see me noo whuppin' the cat.

Chorus—Oh, what a fine business, &c.

Wi' drouthy Rab Wilson some sets I ha'e seen, (Rab's gie fond o' a mouthfu' tae keep his teeth clean), Weel, wi' Betty Black yince we'd some sewin' tae dae, And her hoose frae a dram-shop is five miles away, And she's yin o' thae folk that can ne'er understan' Hoo a tailor can swallow as much as a man; She's as hard as a whinstane, and far waur than that, Her bottle's aye toom when we're whuppin' the cat.

Chorus—Oh, what a fine business, &c.

There we sat for a week, till, I'm sorry tae say, Rab's mooth got as dry as a limeburner's shae; But at last a wee drap she broucht oot o' a press In a dish she praised up—her great-grandmother's gless. "Her great-granny's," quo' Rab, "by my faith, I'll engage It's onything, shairly, but big o' its age,
Sic an ill-shaped, thrawn-faced, wee dram-gless as that,
I ha'e never yet lippit when whuppin' the cat."

Chorus—Oh, what a fine business, &c.

After drinkin't, Rab turned and examined his seat;

"Guid guide us!" quo' Betty, "what fau't hae ye tae't?"

"Naething wrang," replied Rab, "wi' the whisky I fin';

What I want is tae see if I'm yet hau'din' in;

It's sae lang since I tasted, tae tell ye the truth,

I thought that my ribs micht be slack wi' the drouth.'

Tae conclude, I may state that tae this day frae that

Betty's bottle's aye fu' when we're whuppin' the cat.

Chorus—Oh, what a fine business, &c.

### Sorra-ma-care Rab.

T'M an eatin'-house keeper, Mag Mutch is ma name, Gies a ca' whan ye like, ye'll aye fin' me at hame; I'm the workin' man's frien' if ye want a guid feed, For I've aye some sour tripe and refaise potted-heid. Though it's chape it's guid eatin', I'd eat it mysel', For it sticks tae yer stomack (and sae does the smell), But if yince I began it I'd soon be ate bare Wi' that son o' mine, Rab, the rale sorra-ma-care.

Yet oor Rab's as weel learned as the feck o' big men, 'Boot the stars and the stripes in the sky does he ken, He could point ony place in the map at a glance, And he kens that Dumfries-shire's a seaport in France. Yer lauchin'—weel, weel, ye can giggle away, For min' ye, oor Rab's seen some life in his day; He's been twice at Kilmarnock, and three times at Ayr, He's been aye sic a through-ither sorra-ma-care.

In a thrang house like oors he's a richt handy chiel, He can mak' splendid puddin's (and eat them as weel); I ne'er saw yin like him could scrub up the flair,
And the bowls that Rab licks needs nae washin' I'm shair.
When the Circuit Court meets he's no far awa',
He could sweer wi' the best witness ever ye saw;
Whan a row's in the Briggate he's aye the first there,
Could the bobbies say that? no—nor sorra-ma-care.

Ae day the last week a big bailie cam' ben,
And hare-soup for ane was his order, ye ken;
He suppit twa platefu', but pey'd jist for ane,
And guess what he said tae me whan he had dune—
It was, "Mag, if that's hare-soup, then my notion o't
Is, the hair maun hae cam' aff the back o' a goat;"
Faith he didna get oot till I made him aware
Though he dee'd in the puirhoose yet, sorra-ma-care.

And jist the last week, Jock, the coal-man, got fu',
And as usual lay down at oor door like a soo,
And oor Rab and some boys got the big barrow roun',
And wheeled Jock, the puir creatur', through maist o' the toon.
That nicht up cam' Jock's wife, yellin' same's we were deaf,
Hoo her Jock had been robbit, and Rab was the thief;
And the first chance she got o' him, nae maitter where,
She wad mak' his ears ring for't, and sorra-ma-care.

My word! had ye seen hoo I glowered at the jaud, For the verra name thief set me fair ravin' mad; I sune broucht her up tae the scratch wi' my claws, Ay, and sune took the shine oot her lantern jaws, Put a tear in her crazy the like ne'er was seen, Never speakin' o' them that I broucht tae her een; And frae that day I'll wager she's shorter o' hair By some six or eicht handfu's, and sorra-ma-care.

#### Baby Bayell.

XeYEE Davy Dayell was a queer-lookin' loon,

Ken'd as weel's a bad shillin' for mony miles roun';

At ilk market and fair he was aye tae be met,

And aye ken'd whan a waddin' or rockin' was set,

Where he'd eat till the sweat stood like beads on his broo,

And then tak' tae the pouchin' as sune's he was fu';

And when aucht aff the straucht in the parish befel,

The first yin tae hear word o't was Davy Dayell.

Noo and then a queer notion he'd tak' o' the schule, Where the maister, wha thoucht Davy mair rogue than fule. Put a penny and shillin' afore him ae day,
And speir'd whatna yin o' the twa he wad ha'e.
Davy ne'er in his life did sae speedy a job,
E'er ye'd winkit, his fingers were shut on the "bob,"
"I ne'er was ca'd greedy, though sayin't mysel',
Sae I'll jist tak' the wee yin," quo' Davy Dayell.

Though he ken'd no a letter, he never was richt
Unless he'd his paper ilk Saturday nicht;
And yince as thrang readin't he mairched up the toon,
Wi' his paper afore him, but turned upside doun,
A chiel, wha thoucht Davy for yince in his grup,
Cries, "Ye're readin' yer paper the wrang side o't up."
"Weel, the paper's ma ain, boucht and pey'd it mysel',
Sae I'll read it's I like," replied Davy Dayell.

As a lunney he yince tae Gartnavel was sent,

Where tae shift a stane heap wi' a barrow he went;

He wroucht hard till 'twas dune, and ne'er thoucht tae complain,

Till they tell'd him tae wheel them a' richt back again.

"Na, na," returned Davy, "I see through ye fine,

But I ne'er was that daft as dae oucht o' the kin',

Sae get some yin that's dafter, or wheel them yersel',

For I'll no wheel a stane o't," quo' Davy Dayell.

## Mary, the Maid of the Mill.

The soft winds of April were rich with perfume, With sweet strains of welcome the lark hailed the morn, The primrose and cowslip came forth to adorn The garden and cot on the brow of the hill, Where first I met Mary, the Maid of the Mill.

'Neath the bright sun of summer all nature was seen Arrayed in a garment of crimson and green,
Like a mirror the ocean reflected its beams,
Like a network of silver shone rivers and streams,
While my hopes were as clear as a wild mountain rill,
When I brought home my Mary, the Maid of the Mill.

Came mournful-eyed Autumn's slow step o'er the plain, On the woodlands and meads fell the sere leaves again, 'Neath the shade of her mantle, so sombre and grey, How I watched my fair blossom slow fading away; Till her heart ceased to beat, and her brow became chill, And I'lost my sweet Mary, the Maid of the Mill. Come Winter, I care not, my terrors are o'er,
I dread not the frosts of thy chilling winds more,
Come Spring, and come Summer, come Autumn and all,
The buds may burst forth and the dead leaves may fall,
But I heed not their changes—my heart's buried still
In the cold grave with Mary, the Maid of the Mill.

# Alice Lee.

No rose so red, nor lily pale, could with that flower compare;

And oftentimes I've wandered there in boyhood's happy glee, And wreathed with flowers the golden hair of lovely Alice Lee.

Alas! a heartless spoiler came—he marked her beauty rare—And spread abroad a tale of shame that tinged the very air; Though in a whisper breathed at first, it soon spread far and free, Till with a whirlwind's force it burst on hapless Alice Lee.

Oh! what a guileless heart to break, yet art could naught avail To keep the rose hue on her cheek, or check the growing pale.



The hours, as slowly on they sped, no pleasure brought to me—With Autumn's leaves the spirit fled of hapless Alice Lee.

My life is now a mazy dream—I roam with spectres strange— Earth's most familiar places seem marked by the mists of change; Yet oft when wandering by the rill that dances wild and free, The heavenly spirit haunts me still of lovely Alice Lee.

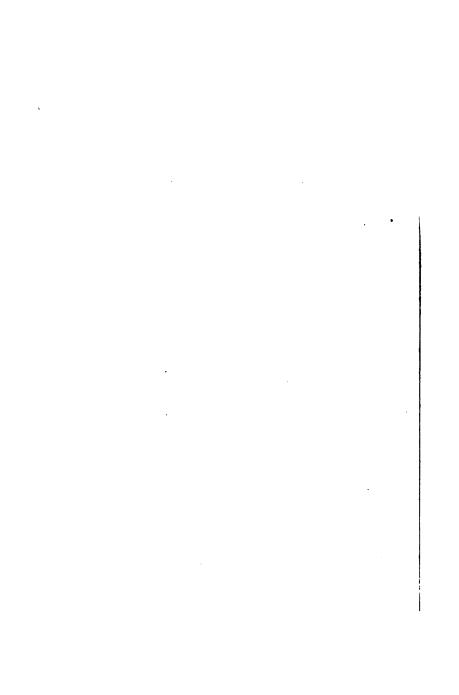
## A Parting Song.

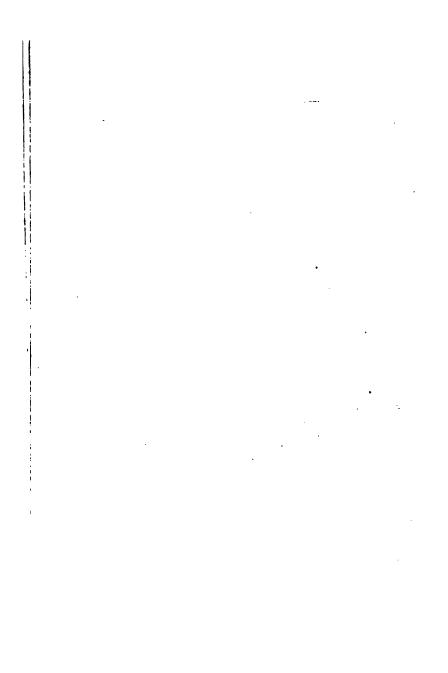
God speed thee!—the greeting went heart into heart,
As one after another his tribute let fall,
But the voice of our brother was sadder than all.
'Twas the hour that must sever our lives' golden chain,
And oh! we might never behold him again.

Hearts that seldom knew sorrow for once felt the sting— For we knew what the morrow was destined to bringTears to our eyes starting 'mid silence profound, As our tokens of parting were handed around. 'Twas the hour that must sever our lives' golden chain, For oh! we might never behold him again.

Not the short-lived affection grown up in an hour, Like the rainbow's reflection that shines with the shower; Not the butterfly kinship a summer day rears, Ours was more—'twas a friendship, the outcome of years. But the wild waves must sever our lives' golden chain, And oh! we may never behold him again.

THE END.







STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004 (415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

